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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1928 — NUMBER 19

Throw Out the Detective

OUR slogan for 1929 is—fewer and better detective stories. In 1928, every novelist and short-story writer who knew how to spell "sleuth" wrote at least one detective story. Bookshops and circulating libraries were fetid with amateur crime. If you believe the newspapers, as soon as a treaty was signed, a president elected, or a "big deal" concluded, all hands called for detective stories as they used to call for grog. (There is an interesting relationship between Prohibition and the spread of the crime story which we won't go into now.) Nervous indigestion is the national disease, and reading detective stories seems to have become the national patent medicine for overwork and boredom. The baby calls for an all-day sucker and his parents for ten new detective stories.

Ten, you notice, not one. There is no safety in one.

If we could get a good detective story every time, the problem of what to do with our expanding leisure would be solved. As business grows honest, scientific, and dull, let literature deal more and more with the dishonest, the improbable, and the unexpected. Thus the balanced life would be kept on an even keel!

But the mystery story business needs an overhauling before everyone can have his pet crime just when and as he needs it. One detective story is about as useful today as a single match on a wet day. The chances are ten to one against ignition. Nine out of ten of the current product miss fire or go out at the first flicker. Hence detective stories are bought by the bunch (which may please the publishers), and read three or four at a sitting in the hope of finding one worth going through with. You send your friend a good book—or four detective stories.

* * *

The difficulty goes deeper than over-production. We have some very ingenious writers who would surely be more original if they had a fair chance. But the public will not let them. The public asks for mysteries, but it will not recognize a mystery as such unless there is a detective in it. There must be a crime, a stupid detective, and a wise detective (or gifted amateur). Within such limits are 99 out of a 100 mystery stories worked out, and all the other mysteries and all the other detectors, who are not detectives, left longing for the creative imagination to make them into story.

The way out is to get rid of the detective. He is a stock figure, like the clown in a circus, and when Poe invented him in the nineteenth century had his great uses, and still is useful. When he appears, we thrill by habit, just as we laugh by habit when the clowns run on. But he is no more indispensable to mystery than folk lore is to literature. Are lost pearl necklaces, million dollar pictures, criminal influences, the only causes of mystery in modern experiences? No, but they, with others like them, are the only ones where a detective can function usefully. Cut out the detective and the number of mysteries suitable for good stories increases a hundred fold. The pursuit (for a mild example) of a wife's elusive personality by her loving but puzzled husband has a hundred variations, each of them exciting, but there is no job there for the detective. It is not the theft of a $100,000 from the bank which was its most interesting mystery, but some far more human complication for which the Board of Directors called in no professional expert in blood stains, cigar ashes, and deductive reasoning. List the really sensational, really mysterious happenings in your own experience, and ask how many of them involved the physical presence of a sleuth. When a writer calls in a detective he binds himself to the kind of story which fits a detective, and so ties his imagination fast to a symbol.

Throw out the detective. Can him, as we have canned the black-whiskered villain, the duenna, the confidante, the pious child, and other conventions of

(*Continued on next page*)

The Fishpools in Heshbon

By VIRGINIA MOORE

THE fishpools in Heshbon
Are beautiful to me.
A dream makes intercession
Continually.

The waters of Heshbon
Are gloomy and deep,
Stillness folds its lily-pad
And spotted fishes leap;

And all day long the weeping
Is like the fall of rain—
Women for the fisherfolk
Who will not come again.

So still, so still, with held breath,
The golden bass dart;
Wider and wider a circle
Swells from the pierced heart.

This Week

"The Early Life of Thomas Hardy."
Reviewed by DESMOND MACCARTHY.

"The Conquest of Life."
Reviewed by L. MORRIS FISHBEIN.

"The Art of Thinking."
Reviewed by JOHN DEWEY.

"Macedonian Imperialism."
Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

"Musical Annals."
Reviewed by CARL ENGEL.

"The Fourth Musketeer."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

"Boston."
Reviewed by R. L. LINSCOTT.

"A Brood of Ducklings."
Reviewed by WALTER F. KOHN.

"The Wanderer."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"American Reconstruction."
Reviewed by CLAUDE G. BOWERS.

"Statesmen of the War."
Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON.

"Satisfaction Piece."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

Christmas Book Number.

Thomas Hardy

By DESMOND MACCARTHY
Editor, *Life and Letters*

IT is seldom that a biography is so entirely suitable to the subject and occasion as that* which tells the story of Thomas Hardy's life from 1840 to 1891. It has been compiled by his widow out of contemporary notes, letters, diaries, and memoranda, supplemented by information gathered from Hardy's conversation over many years. It is an objective life which tells us the main turnings in his career and many little incidents in his past which impressed his imagination at the time. So then, we have at last the authentic facts which legend has distorted, and some material towards a history of his mind. In the case of every literary man a biography should be, as this book is, mainly the story of an imagination. It contains no praise of Hardy or of his work. Everything is left to speak for itself. In this it is a model which devoted survivors of great men would do well to follow. The style is direct and unpretentious, and we are often conscious as we read that we are listening to the quietly striking or quaintly sardonic phrases of Hardy himself, as he talked and remembered. Many of the details in it are interesting even apart from their connection with him, through belonging to bygone West-country life.

Let me state the main impression which the book leaves behind: that imagination is the faculty of taking an ell when experience has given only an inch, and that to the interpreting poetic mind nothing ever happens in vain. Hardy's life was uneventful. More striking things happen to a good many people in a year or two than happened to Hardy in fifty. He experienced no vicissitudes; he had no adventures. His career included no catastrophies; he experienced no deep disappointments, sudden elevations, or occasions for great effort. His path was neither particularly rough nor particularly smooth. Judged from the point of view of success, for which he cared little, his career was a gentle gradient leading slowly and steadily upwards; but as we follow its early stages side by side with him, with the exception of, say, a brief disappointment over his first story, "The Poor Man and the Lady" (never published and now lost), another connected with a review of "Desperate Remedies" in the *Spectator*, there seem to be no stones on his path. He never forgot the bitter moment when he read that review.

This is an absolutely anonymous story (it began) no assumption of a *nom de plume* which, might, at some future time, disgrace the family name, and still more the Christian name, of a repentant and remorseful novelist—and very right too. By all means let him bury the secret in the profoundest depths of his own heart, out of reach, if possible, of his own consciousness. The law is hardly just which prevents Tindley Brothers from concealing their participation also.

The cause of this outburst which killed the book (a rather serious matter for Hardy since he had invested more than half his savings in it), was his having dared to suppose that an unmarried lady owning an estate could have an illegitimate child. During most of his writing life he was worried by critics of this description. In order to get "Tess of the d'Ubervilles" accepted by the *Graphic* he had to make Angel Clare wheel Tess and the three milkmaids across the flooded lane in a wheelbarrow instead of carrying them, and the *Graphic* refused to print the chapter which describes the christening

* THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY. 1840-1891. By FLORENCE EMILY HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

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of Tess's child. These incidents might, his wife says, have prepared him for the outcry which followed the publication of the book, which nevertheless took him by surprise. The publication of "Tess," in spite of its popularity, "was the beginning of the end of his career as a novelist." The abuse which was emptied over him as an indecent writer after "Jude the Obscure" appeared made him resolve never to write fiction again. I remember his telling me several years after that it was a resolve he would never alter.

It is strange to observe in this biography what tiny incidents afterwards blossom into poems, how long these remain dormant in his mind before they flower in verse or prose, and how slight an experience is needed to start that inner process, thanks to which a writer finds a whole subject waiting for him long afterwards in the recesses of his consciousness: the shy smile of a girl met in a lane, the coppery gleam of another's hair, the caresses and patronage of a fine lady in silks lavished upon a little boy, one harvest-supper with dancing and junketting in a great barn remembered from childhood, the talk of old men to whom the Napoleonic war had been a reality, a young woman riding recklessly beside the sea, an old quadrille whistled by a clerk in an office, and never forgotten—such are the things which count in the life of an artist. What is experience to most of us? Something which vanishing leaves nothing behind and ourselves the same as we were. Only that which has been enjoyed or suffered symbolically, as it were, remains with us; all the rest, the torments and triumphs, surprises and shocks, pleasures and pains, are gone, incorporated in us, doubtless, in some unrecognizable form like the dinners we have eaten, but irrevocable in themselves, uncommunicable to others. Reading this life I have seemed to see in it a corroboration of Proust's intuition, that the material of the artist lies in those fragments of the past which keep for him a representative value, and that it is only through those queer little doors that he can enter into the presence of actualities and understand them. Present experience is a dream; the future a distraction; only memory can unlock the meaning of life.

* * *

I spoke above of this book being in a measure the history of an artist's imagination. Indeed, that is its principal value apart from satisfying our natural curiosity about the outline of Hardy's life. Its interest is largely the same as that of Chekov's notebooks, for Mrs. Hardy has included the thoughts and incidents which Hardy jotted down, even before he turned author. Sometimes these are facts about himself, sometimes reflections upon what he observes going on around him. He discovers that he is an artist very early, without knowing it and without knowing what the word means, for he notes of himself that he is much more interested in the emotions which life gives him than in life as a scientific game. This accounts for the odd lack of ambition in him which puzzles his fellow clerks in the London architect's office. Mrs. Hardy is probably right when she defines the characteristic which kept him from cultivating worldly relations as "aloofness" rather than "shyness." We find him noting, "The world does not despise, it only neglects us," and that "the poetry of a scene varies with the minds of the perceivers, indeed does not lie in the scene at all"; and of "a certain man" (surely he is thinking of himself?) he notes that "he creeps away to a meeting with his own sensations; he feels himself shrinking into nothing when contemplating other people's *means* of working. When he looks upon their *ends* he expands with triumph."

Later, when he has abandoned poetry as impossible to sell and with the encouragement of his first wife turned from architecture to fiction, the notes become more obviously novelists' material, or reflections upon his craft. In Rotten Row he observes "how every now and then each woman, however interesting, puts on her *battle face*." He copies out this sentence from Leslie Stephen, whose thought had a considerable influence upon him, to the effect that "the ultimate aim of the poet should be to touch our hearts by showing his own and not to exhibit his learning, or his fine taste, or his skill in mimicking the notes of his predecessors," a principle to which Hardy himself closely adhered when he returned to poetry. We find on January 1st, 1879, this significant entry: "A perception of the failure of things to be what they are meant to be lends them in place of the intended interest a new and greater interest of an unintended kind." That reflection, and another that although the world does not seem to want his poetry he may be able to write poems which express the uncommon aspect of common things, clearly dwelt with him always. When he and his wife are staying in Lyme he records that they met a cheerful man who had turned his trousers hind part before because the knees had worn through; and encountered another old man, certainly of the cheerful description who had undergone an operation for cataract. Hardy is careful to preserve his words.

> It was like a red-hot needle in yer eye whilst he was doing it. But he wasn't long about it. If he had been long I couldn't ha' beared it. He wasn't a minute more than three-quarters of an hour at the outside. When he had done one eye, 'a said, "Now my man you must make shift with that one, and be thankful you bain't left wi' narn." So he didn't do the other. And I'm glad 'a didn't. I've saved half crowns and half crowns out of number in only wanting one glass to my spectacles. T'other eye would never have paid the expenses of keeping en going.

Here clearly we have the novelist with his notebook, as also in this snapshot of a man seen at a railway station: "His back, his legs, his hands, his face, were longing to be out of the world. His brain was not longing to be out of the world, because, like the brain of most people, it was the last part of his body to realize the situation." When he goes to a society crush at Lady Jeunes, he notes characteristically, "But these women! If put into rough wrappers in a turnip field, where would their beauty be?" He notes at fashionable shows such as the Academy Private View that the people seem to be moving about "as under enchantment or as somnambulists." At a Ballet at the Alhambra he notices "the air of docile obedience on the faces of some of the dancing women, a passive resignation like that of a plodding horse as if long accustomed to correction: also marks of fatigue." And he characteristically reflects that "the moral of actresses and dancers, etc., cannot be judged by the same standard as that of people who live slower lives. Living in a throbbing atmosphere they are perforce throbbed by it in spite of themselves."

When he visits some strolling players in Dorchester who are playing "Othello," he notices that "Desdemona's face still retains its anxiety about the supper that she has been cooking a few minutes earlier in a stove without"; and entering the circus in Forington Field he describes it as follows:

> There is a dim haze in the tent, and the green grass in the middle, within the circular horse-track, looks amazingly fresh in the artificial light. The damp orbits of the spectators' eyes gleam in its rays. The clowns when "off," lounge and smoke cigarettes, and chat with serious cynicism, and as if the necessity of their occupation to society at large were not to be questioned, their true domestic expression being visible under the official expression given by the paint. This sub-expression is one of good-humored pain.

The world was aware that Hardy came of an ancient family which, like his d'Ubervilles, had for several generations come down in the world. But few realized that Hardy's parents were far from being uncultivated. His father and his grandfather were in a humble way expert musicians and music played an important part in his own childhood. He used to play jigs at country weddings and fêtes as a small boy. What is perhaps more surprising is that his mother when he was eight years old gave him Dryden's Virgil, "Rasselas," and "Paul and Virginia." He read also a book which he found called "A History of the Wars," containing melodramatic prints of the Napoleonic wars, thus setting up that train of ideas in him which led to "The Trumpet Major" and "The Dynasts." He seems to have been a quick scholar and to have acquired as a boy considerable knowledge of Latin, to which he added, while an apprentice to a local architect, more than a smattering of Greek. We find him getting up at five to study the classics for three hours before his work begins. Another fact, which we certainly did not realize before, is that he never felt acutely the pinch of poverty. His father was in a small way a solid and fairly prosperous man, and there seems little doubt that had Hardy decided to follow up his classical studies, money would have been found to send him to the university.

Although this biography stops years before I knew him, the man in it seems the same as the older man I met. I remember well the excitement of ringing the bell at Max Gate one winter afternoon, and how well Hardy's words, quoted above, about the disappointment of an expected interest being succeeded by an interest of another kind, fitted my own experience on that occasion. Hardy was not impressive, and he was certainly not brilliant. One was of course a fool to have expected his talk to be remarkable; quick play of mind is not the characteristic of profoundly contemplative natures. Nevertheless, I must have hung on his words, even to the detriment of my manners, for I remember distinctly the first Mrs. Hardy saying sharply at tea, "If you listen to what *I* am saying you will find it as well worth hearing as Mr. Hardy's remarks." No doubt she was right. Certainly nothing worth recording fell from his lips on that occasion. Later, however, every now and then, he would make a comment characteristic of himself. For instance, once when we met again, he had been rereading "Tom Jones." "You remember Molly," he asked me, "the village trollop about whom there are so many jokes in that book? It's a most *extraordinary* thing, but Fielding seems to have quite forgotten that she was a woman." There spoke, thought I, the novelist to whom village characters are human in a sense in which they cannot be even to the most intelligent writer of the squire class, and the poet to whom human nature is the most serious of themes.

* * *

I said that Hardy was not "clever." Once after Andrew Lang had been to see him, he burst out in wonder at his guest's cleverness. "Oh, he *is* a clever man! I suppose it comes partly from living in towns and meeting people. Do you think I should learn to talk like that if I lived in London?" There was no irony in the question. It was as simple as his remark one day when we were bicycling together past a spot which he had described in "Tess": "If I had known that book was going to make such an impression, I would have made it into a *really good book*." When I first knew him his fame rested almost entirely on his novels, and it gave him particular pleasure to hear that anyone had appreciated his poems. He told me with pride that Swinburne had liked "The Slow Nature" in "Wessex Poems." I heard him read one or two of them aloud and a poem or two by Browning whom he much admired. He read in a curious simple sing-song, emphasizing the meter, as though it was a country jig to which the words danced—not dramatically. He liked intercourse between literary admirers and himself to be, if possible, on the simplest footing, and he was relieved when homage was over, and talk settled down to an easy give and take level. This preference made him avoid houses and occasions where he ran the risk of being treated as a famous man. He was aloof, but faithful in his likings. He did not like being called a pessimist, but a buoyant and confident attitude towards life seemed to him unintelligent. I remember his repeating a long argument he had had with Meredith, in which he thought he had got the better of it. Oddly enough, Meredith, whom I saw shortly afterwards, considered that *he* had borne off the victory. Hardy's "reasonable resignation" must have seemed to him a tame and gloomy response to life. Talking about fame and the surprising limitations of even a wide renown, Hardy told me that once he and Kipling were looking for a possible house for the latter. They came upon one which Kipling fancied. Hardy lingered behind, and on rejoining Kipling, told him that he had tried to propitiate the owner by saying: "You may be interested to know that that gentleman who wants the house is Mr. Kipling," who had then replied, "And who is Mr. Kipling?" Kipling burst into a roar of laughter. "*I* thought I might have a better chance if I told him I had been brought by Mr. *Hardy*; and I, too, was asked, "But *who* is Mr. Hardy?" Well, *we* at any rate know who he is.

Throw Out the Detective

(*Continued from preceding page*)

fiction; or better, save him for situations where he is indispensable. Let the mystery tale go free.

The difficulty is the audience. We are children when we read, and ask for symbols. Give up the craving (now merely a bad habit) for Inspector A, and Mr. Van B the eccentric connoisseur, and the red-faced blundering policeman X, and you will begin to get real stories—especially if you will stretch your imagination to take in the great mysteries that lie beyond murder and blackmail and theft. Mr. Bolitho has shown what can be done with only a partial release, in his "Murder for Profit," where he has kept crime but studied the mystery of motive not the means of detection. Mr. Priestley has written an excellent mystery story, "The Old Dark House," without a detective or a crime. That was the reason for its seeming freshness as one read. But there are a hundred roads for a mystery story to travel if it doesn't have to carry a detective on its back.

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Glands and Rejuvenation

THE CONQUEST OF LIFE. By SERGE VORONOFF, M. D. Translated by G. GIBIER RAMBAUD, M. D. New York: Brentano's. 1928.

Reviewed by L. MORRIS FISHBEIN, M. D.
Editor, *Journal of the American Medical Association*

"LIFE can be prolonged, Sex intensified, and Death delayed." Thus shouts the gleaming red jacket of Doctor Voronoff's new book. The translator in his introduction assures the reader that the eminent Voronoff has always tried to avoid publicity, and that thus far all communications regarding his work have been made before medical or scientific bodies or have been published in scientific books intended for scientists. The facts are that Voronoff has constantly lent himself to newspaper publicity and interview, that he has been more thoroughly exploited by the employees of Mr. Hearst than almost any other scientist of recent years, and that his apostles and disciples, far from shrinking from publicity, have sounded their own and their master's praises throughout the world for the last ten years.

Time is a great tester of new notions and theories in the field of medicine. By its simple passage new treatments of cancer, and of tuberculosis, fall constantly by the wayside. In the ten years since Voronoff first announced his technic before the French Surgical Congress, his attempts to prove that gland transplantation is a remedy for old age and will rejuvenate mankind, seem to have failed dismally. In the words of his translator, that original announcement "could be resummed in few words." The summary has been made, but the resumption will require a gland transplantation before it can be fully revivified.

There is no fool like an old fool, particularly in matters of rejuvenation. Man's search for the elixir of youth has been eternal. The history of medicine is replete with strange notions in this field. The Faust legend, originated by Paracelsus, and revived by Goethe, is to be found in the myths of most races. There is a powerful suggestion in the terms "vim," "vigor," and "vitality." One need not be a Freudian to realize that the mind of man in the absence of this potent force may dwell upon it unduly. The physician or the nostrum vender who finds or promotes a substance or system for rejuvenation need not advertise widely for his clients. The aged and decrepit follow him as the rats followed the Pied Piper. Famous actors, authors, and financiers, feeling the waning of their powers, become subjects of experiment. Where there are actors, authors, and financiers there is also always good publicity, and where there is good publicity there are always plenty of candidates for operation or experiment.

* * *

Since the first announcement by Voronoff and his contemporary, Steinach, hundreds of experiments have been made in scientific laboratories to control their claims, but the elderly gentlemen who prefer blondes are not to be deterred by the details of controlled experiments on mice, rabbits, or roosters.

In his "Conquest of Life," Doctor Voronoff presents his conception that the aging of man is the result of lack of the secretions of certain glands and that the maintenance "of this source of vital energy is the best guarantee of longevity." In support of this contention Voronoff accepts the anecdotes that have been related relative to Thomas Parr who carried out his conjugal duties up to the age of 120 years and who sat in the stocks for an illegitimate child at 105. He is willing to believe all sorts of nonsense relative to the unusual sexual powers of Goethe, Victor Hugo, and Ibsen. Most of his evidence has to do with experiments made on bulls, rams, and sheep, and he gloats over their procreative performances, describing them as romantically as a Fabre might depict the wooing of the spiders.

Recently a delegation from the British Ministry of Agriculture visited Algiers to study the Voronoff technic of gland grafting, to examine the animals, and to investigate the economic result. Their report does not endorse his method. The bull, discarded as useless in 1922 at the age of seventeen years, and operated on by Voronoff in 1924, was given special consideration. According to Voronoff, during the next two years this bull became the parent of nine calves. The delegation found that bulls are usually discarded in Algiers when twelve years old, and that this was an unusual animal anyway,—a sort of sexual athlete,—that this particular bull may have been ill prior to the operation, and that there is considerable doubt as to the paternity of some of the alleged offspring.

The sheep experiments, the commission found, were not made under proper experimental conditions, nutritional factors were disregarded, and the controls unsatisfactory. The commission was not able to say whether or not the claims for rejuvenation were justified, but it did not consider the evidence sufficient to warrant the claims.

Many persons have been submitted to the Voronoff procedure during the past few years. There has not been in most instances an actual prolongation of life, since those on whom the transplantations have been done have not lived beyond the normal period. Indeed, in many instances, death has resulted before the three score an ten allowed by Biblical legend as the term of man. The Voronoff argument is that life is more satisfactory and complete for these rejuvenated beings, and that death to them is a sudden dissolution like the dissipation of the one-horse shay. So many factors enter into the question of potency and vitality, particularly mental factors, known as the will to believe, that one would need many controls before one could accept the statement that the grafting of glands is the only factor that will lend new vigor to a pessimistic mind. Indeed, one finds in Voronoff's own conclusions relative to one of his patients the statement: "The pessimistic attitude of the patient and constant brooding over his inability have marred the results of the treatment." The ancient Greek philosophers held that physical powers in matters of sex do not always parallel brain capacity.

Strange that the sex instinct should be so deeply rooted and so prominent in life, that two thousand years of experience have failed to convince man of the truthfulness of this statement. By the work of modern preventive medicine and by the teaching of good personal hygiene human beings may reasonably expect to live to seventy years of age, and if they are at all careful, considerably beyond that age. The problem of the present is to teach man to grow old gracefully. Much of the greatest work of the world in art, letters, invention, finance, and statesmanship have been done by men beyond sixty years of age. They found, no doubt, in their accomplishments compensation for that activity of the body on which the minds of the rejuvenates seem so constantly to dwell.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS HARDY

"It is difficult for us now," says a contributor to the miscellany columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, "to credit the way in which writers, even the greatest, would bespatter their patrons with adulation, even to the verge of blasphemy. Dryden, for instance, racked the dictionary in his endeavor to recommend himself to the Duchess of York in the dedication of his 'State of Innocence.' 'Language seems too low a thing to express your excellence.' Everyone admires her, as a mortal does a god, 'with awful reverence.' And so forth. Prior was scarcely less extravagant in his encomiums on the Earl of Dorset, whilst Aphra Behn outdoes him in the dedication of her comedy, 'The Feigned Countess,' to the notorious Nell Gwynn. 'Her adoration,' she states, is overdue: 'so excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the Divine Powers in this,' etc.

Poetry can scarcely be said to be 'a paying job,' in spite of some brilliant exceptions. In former times the poet depended on a patron for his payment: Horace on Mæcenas, for example. The poet flattered the patron, who on his part befriended the poet, and presumably both were satisfied."

The Way to Think

THE ART OF THINKING. By ERNEST DIMNET. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN DEWEY
Columbia University

SOME books lend themselves to reviewing; they seem made for that purpose even more than to read. Abbé Dimnet's little book is not one of these. He gives ferments rather than recipes; he has practiced the art of thinking until its product is itself a work of art. Before a work of art one is likely to be dumb or to indulge only in ejaculations; and when asked why one likes it, to reply "Go and see for yourself." That is the way I feel about this genial and witty book. I would say to the reader "Taste it, try it for yourself. Keep it close at hand, read a page or two, a paragraph, opening at random. Browse about in it; read it consecutively. Keep it on a bedside table and read it to compose your mind at night and to arouse it in the morning." And in answer to the question "Why?" the best reply I can make is still "Try it and see." For the book is compact with the wisdom gathered in years of observation of himself and of others.

The reader finds in it suggestions of ways by which to estimate the quality of his own thinking. The suggestions probe deep, and unless one is willing to face himself he would do better to confine himself to the easier task of checking the list of qualities in some efficiency chart. The reader finds also an account of the causes that have produced a decline in native turn for genuine thought—for all normal children up to ten years of age or so, can think, because they see for themselves. And after the diagnosis of disease, there are remedies provided, "Helps to Thinking." One may at first be disappointed in finding the secret of the entire art put in a sentence: "The Art of Thinking is the art of being oneself." But if one comes back to the book often enough, and if after tasting frequently one absorbs and digests, that one will, I am confident, find in his interpretation of the sentence a revelation of himself that will lead him, if he will only permit it to do so, to serener intellectual heights than he has known.

There are at least a dozen of suggestions offered, any one of which, if taken, will lead to improvements of mental habitudes. Among them are "conjuring up a suitable background"; reading only what gives the greatest pleasure; going repeatedly over what one already knows, and so on. But the point that I think I cherish most highly is that Abbé Dimnet has had the courage to insist on the connection between capacity of thinking and the qualities that are usually called moral. He does not preach, but no one can read the book in the spirit in which he recommends that every book should be read, and not realize that sluggishness, parasitical dependence upon others, slackness of taste, and similar defects of character cause more deficiences of mind than do lacks that are distinctly intellectual in origin. If there are those fortunate enough not to need any of the counsels that the author gives, I still urge them to read the book if only to make the acquaintance of an experienced and deeply wise personality.

Conqueror of Worlds

MACEDONIAN IMPERIALISM AND THE HELLENIZATION OF THE EAST. By PIERRE JOUGUET. Translated by M. R. DOBIE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $6.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ALEXANDER ROBINSON, JR.
Brown University

WHEN Alexander the Great ascended the throne, the world was on the threshold of a new era. The little city states of Greece had for centuries fought to maintain their independence of each other, but their years of strife had weakened them. It only remained for a man of sufficient vigor and force to come and take away their independence. That man was Philip, the father of Alexander, and he came from the north, from Macedonia, a country long regarded by the Greeks as backward, but almost modern in its concept of itself as a nation. While he planned to extend his empire to include some of Asia, Philip realized that what Greece needed most of all was union, though she did not want it, and he hoped to make it the more palatable by combining her for a war against her hereditary foe, Persia, that vast

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empire which had absorbed the many races of Asia from the Hellespont to the Indus. But Philip was murdered in the midst of his plans and his mantle fell on Alexander, a youth of barely twenty. With characteristic rapidity Alexander assumed the leadership of Greece and turned his face to the East.

Jouguet in his "Macedonian Imperialism" has caught the spirit of Alexander and at the same time presents a clear picture of the gradual crumbling of Darius's empire before the steady advance of the Macedonian. First Asia Minor falls, then Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. In due course comes the decisive defeat of Darius at Guagamela (Arbela), and the conquest of the far East, Afghanistan, and India, ending with the terrible trip back to Babylon through the deserts of Baluchistan. Death, to be sure, struck Alexander down a dozen years after the beginning of his reign, and the inevitable fighting between his generals, with the consequent partition of his empire, followed. But his work was done and the world entered on a new era. For Alexander, shortly after his arrival in Asia, had come to look upon himself as different from the conquerors who had preceded him. While various peoples had often in the past belonged to the same empire, yet each race regarded itself as distinct from the others. Alexander, however, planned to make of the entire inhabited world one state under one ruler. Greek would marry Persian. No longer would blood or mountain separate the peoples of the earth. It was a magnificent dream and it succeeded to a far larger extent than most people realize. The important thing is that for centuries afterwards the world from the Indus west was governed along western lines. The effect of this cannot be overestimated. For example, how much slower would have been the spread of Christianity had not one half of the civilized world been dominated by a common language and culture.

The period which followed on Alexander's death is called the Hellenistic Age, because Greek civilization extended rapidly beyond its own borders. Different as it was from life as hitherto led, indeed quite modern in its structure, the study of it has lagged to within recent times. It is therefore a pleasure to welcome the book under review, which forms a part of that series, the History of Civilization, which, when completed, will record the history of mankind from the prehistoric era to the present day.

The layman may consider Jouguet's "Macedonian Imperialism" a little heavy and the specialist may find it too condensed, yet either reader may pick up the book with the knowledge that one of the most important and interesting periods in the world's history is told in a clear and able way by an expert in the field. Jouguet gives a succinct account of Alexander's conquest of the East and proceeds to show how the new empire was organized upon the death of its founder. He then develops the spread of Hellenism, particularly under the Seleucids in Asia and the Ptolemies in Egypt, and the fortunes of these states up to the final encroachment of Rome.

Musical Annals

BACH. By CHARLES SANFORD TERRY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $7.50.

SCHUBERT, the Man and his Circle. By NEWMAN FLOWER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1928. $5.

THE MAD KING. By GUY DE POURTALÈS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL
Library of Congress

IT is but the fitting climax to the many years he spent in the study of John Sebastian Bach's life and works, if Dr. Charles Sanford Terry has now given us what is unquestionably the best Bach biography in any language. His English translation of old Forkel's Bach, some eight years ago, was a preparatory exercise. Before this Dr. Terry had written on some of Bach's music, notably the great Mass, the Cantatas, the Passions, and the Chorals. These analytical and critical comments had revealed his peculiar grasp and sympathy. He had dug deep in the bottomless mine of Bach's precious ore. In his life of Bach Dr. Terry has refrained from attempting an appreciation of the composer's music and has kept strictly to "a record of Bach's career." But that career, pieced together with the aid of every available scrap of material, becomes in Dr. Terry's hands an extraordinarily vivid and human tale.

Dr. Terry, naturally, utilized what discoveries have been made by Bach investigators since Spitta. It is the result of his own researches, however, that has enabled him to bring out more clearly the contour of Bach's life and throw new light on Bach's family and ancestors. It is the book of an enthusiast and scholar. Chapter and verse keep bowing their acknowledgments and a copious overflow of information runs along in an almost steady stream of footnotes.

The centenary of Schubert's death—as was last year the case with Beethoven—has brought on an abundant crop of centennial publications. Of such tributes in the English language, the crop is likely to contain no riper or more savoury fruit than Mr. Newman Flower's "Franz Schubert, the Man and His Circle." It is the mate of Mr. Flower's colorful account of Handel and his time, published some five years ago. Here again, it "is not a book on the music" of the composer, but "an endeavor to portray the man," framed in the circle of his friends and associates.

Mr. Flower writes biographical narratives which the French would qualify as "*passionnant.*" He does not shun the novelistic touch. He has a *flair* for the big and little things in a man's life that make "a good story." His story of Schubert is properly romantic. But in the main it is based on the historic facts and documents that were assembled by Otto Erich Deutsch, "the greatest Schubertian scholar of the age," as Mr. Flower handsomely admits. The scholarship is excelled only by generosity. Professor Deutsch placed at Mr. Flower's disposal a large amount of data and documentary evidence, discovered by him and published for the first time by Mr. Flower.

No doubt, Mr. Flower's book has gained in flavor and interest by the use which its author was allowed to make of sources not hitherto tapped, or only sparingly so. All would have been for the best, had Mr. Flower stuck to his facts and not occasionally indulged in suppositions and conclusions for which there does not seem to exist real warrant. This applies in particular to the delicate matter of Schubert's "malady." Here Mr. Flower rashly joins the ranks of his countrymen and colleagues, Messrs. Ernest Newman and William Wallace, the eminent musical syphilologists. What Mr. Flower has to say about Schubert's alleged "venereal disease" would be important and highly enlightening, if he had produced the proofs on which his allegation is founded. He cites Dr. Schweisheimer as one authority. But he omits to say that this German physician, in his study of Schubert's illnesses, carefully states that he has no absolutely certain indications which support the diagnosis of Schubert's syphilis; while there is a possibility for it, it is "*aber durchaus nicht gesichert.*" That is plain and negative enough.

Mr. Flower is positive. For him there can be no question. He fails, however, to disclose what are the "contemporary documents and letters bearing on the matter" that came into the possession of Professor Deutsch in 1914. They are essential, if they reverse Dr. Schweisheimer's conclusions of 1921. We should be told of them. It was a grave mistake of the author's to deal only "superficially" with Schubert's illness when his dealings tended only to tarnish the surface instead of affording us a clear glimpse beneath it.

We come to still another type of musical biography in Count Guy de Pourtalès' "The Mad King." The demented monarch, of course, is Louis II of Bavaria, who won his place in musical history and his title to immortality by his mad infatuation for Richard Wagner. It is possible that Louis was a greater genius than Wagner. But because Wagner happened to be a little less mad than his exalted friend and protector, Wagner composed the Nibelungen, while Louis had to abdicate and drown himself. Louis's masterworks—most of them unfinished—were his "fairy" castles. Count Pourtalès is not the first to exploit this epic in madness, nor is he likely to be the last. But he made the most of his chance, and that is saying a good deal.

Dumas, Farceur

THE FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS. By T. LUCAS-DUBRETON. Translated by MAIDA CASTELHUN DARNTON. New York: Coward McCann. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS
Princeton University

FOR an age that lacks hilarity the remedy is a life of Alexander Dumas. It should be written in the spirit in which T. Lucas-Dubreton presents it in "The Fourth Musketeer." To the creator of d'Artagnan life presented only one problem, the escape from the humdrum, and offered only one remedy, joyous adventure. Life tends to be confining, and in the interest of such expansive adventure you have the right to project yourself into the past provided you are not cramped by the process. What Leo X said of the papacy, Dumas would have said of history. God has given us the past, let us enjoy it. You had a right, he used to maintain, to violate history provided you had a child by her. Adventure might be of almost any sort, it might be geographical, political, financial, or merely sensual. There was, however, in all these varieties one supreme qualification which the big-hearted, easy-going mulatto did exact. To be entirely satisfying it must have scenic effect. It must appeal not only to the actors but to the audience. The spectator could not remain indifferent, he might conceivably weep; it was satisfactory if he merely guffawed. Dumas's life thus became a hilarious farce which only Dumas took seriously and he only part of the time.

With this attitude it would be love's labor lost to search for a philosophy, a system of ethics or esthetics or politics. Mr. Dubreton does not do so. Your true adventurer must be an opportunist and he will find his most promising field in any social upheaval. The romantic revolt, the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, will be meat and drink to Dumas. It was safer to carry, as he did, a little horn charm on his watch-chain to protect him against the evil eye than to have any set political principles. So when republican riots were renewed in 1832 the red republican who had captured the powder magazine at Soissons in 1830 did not himself shoulder a gun but contented himself with the rôle of saving the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin by handing over to the rioters the weapons in the property-storerooms.

> "It is I, M. Alexander Dumas, who lends you these arms," he exclaimed. "From those who are killed, I shall demand nothing; but those who survive will restore their arms here. Is it agreed? On your word of honor!"

His republicanism was strongest in moments of revolution, and in '48 he would of course champion the working man. When, however, in 1842 he learned from Prince Jerome at Florence that the Duke of Orleans had died, he fell weeping into the arms of the Prince and exclaimed, "Permit me to weep over a Bourbon in the arms of a Bonaparte."

This temperament is not complex, it suffers from no inhibitions, and it is presented in its essentials in the very readable, if not too scholarly, volume of Mr. Dubreton. There is, of course, also the hard-working and the heroic Dumas and the Dumas *grand seigneur.* The Frenchmen say from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Dumas often took that step, and the naiveté of his whole life and character was perhaps best summed up in the phrase with which Dumas's son once presented him—"I have the honor of presenting to you my father, a grown-up child that I had when I was very small."

Of this son the first Alexander used to say, "He is my best work." As the story is here told, the elder Dumas's own life should not be so magisterially ruled out of the competition.

Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury which is about to have a new incumbent, contains many unique treasures which would fetch incalculable sums if sold in the open market. In the library, founded by Archbishop Bancroft in 1610, there are nearly 30,000 volumes and many illuminated MSS. Here are preserved the Gospels of Macdurnan, an exceedingly beautiful specimen of ninth-century Irish art. The Lambeth "Apocalypse" and the Chichele breviary are among the gems of the collection.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. V. No. 19.

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Super-Journalism

BOSTON. By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1928. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT

UPTON SINCLAIR is one of the too-late born. An idealist, a doctrinaire, an austere believer in reason and the rights of man, his spiritual home is among the Utopias of the last century. His early books were written when the courage to hope and the right to believe had not yet been seared by the war, and before the collapse of liberalism had left the liberals shelterless in a hostile universe. His vision of society as a conflict between diabolic oppressors and angelic oppressed; his belief that the wrecking of the present economic system will transform our little industrial hell—not into purgatory, as the optimist might anticipate—but into paradise itself, all this seems as out of place in the hard-boiled and disillusioned world of to-day as a dinosaur in Central Park. He lives, in short, in a black and white world. He is the last of the Old Believers. And he is also one of the great and vital figures of the American scene.

Light on Sinclair is necessary for an understanding of his new novel, for "Boston" is a perfect mirror of its author—his strength and his weakness. It is a novel with a purpose, and its purpose is to show that—in a capitalistic state—justice is a luxury that can be purchased by the rich but that is beyond the reach of the poor. The Sacco-Vanzetti case provides him with perfect material by which to illustrate the second part of this thesis; the Willett-Sears case, the first. That chance should have juxtaposed these famous cases in time and place, and have given them for setting a locality so inflexibly ruled by respectability and tradition is one of those impossible coincidences that happen only in real life.

"Boston" is a report of actual facts, with just enough fiction thrown in to give contrast to the scenes and unity to the themes. It opens with the death of Josiah Thornwell, former Governor of Massachusetts, and head of a purely imaginary family which sums up in itself all the power and vices of the commercial aristocracy. To escape from the straightjacket of rigid convention in which she has languished for forty years, Cornelia, his widow, spurning her inheritance, runs away from home, and gets a six-dollar-a-week job in the shipping room of the Plymouth Cordage Company. Lodging with a poor Italian family, she soon makes friends with a Christ-like fellow-boarder; a gentle, saintly dreamer, rescuer of sick cats, lover of fields and flowers, friend of tots and crones, and ardent anarchist. His name, as you may have guessed, is Bartolomeo Vanzetti. With him she goes through the bitter episodes of a strike at the Cordage Company; through him she meets Sacco, companion anarchist; under his guidance, she comes to share his hatred of the capitalist system though not his belief in anarchy as a remedy. Then she is discovered by an outraged family and snatched back to respectability and an apartment of her own on Beacon Hill from which she can observe the class struggle of the post-war years.

* * *

Here then is the battlefield swept and garnished, and Cornelia (with some violence to the probabilities) placed at a point where she overlooks with equal intimacy each hostile camp, observing on the one side her sons-in-law engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to divorce "Jerry Walker" from his profitable felt mills; and on the other, her friends the reds, baited and harried by the jackal politicians. Next comes the arrest of her beloved Vanzetti, and his friend, Sacco, on the charge of murder, the tragic farce of the trial, the years of vain attempts to secure reconsideration in the light of new evidence, and the futile appeal to a Supreme Court which had just testified to its affection for the financial oligarchy by overturning a ten million dollar verdict against the bankers who had cheated "Jerry Walker" out of his felt mills. With the appeal to the Governor, and the appointment of the Lowell Committee, the tension steadily increases to the last frenzied days of appeals, petitions, parades, and arrests, ending with a touching meeting of Vanzetti and Cornelia just before the execution, the last solemn moments in the death chamber, and the martyrs' funeral.

Here is superb material for the novelist who is also a social historian; inherently dramatic and exquisitely fitted to heat to incandescence the passions of the lover of justice. That Sinclair should have fashioned from it a moving and powerful story was inevitable. The pity of it is that he should have failed to do it full justice. As in his other books, an inexpungable distaste for the blue pencil has led him both to overwhelm the reader with a mountain of evidence on his main theme, and to drag in innumerable extraneous cases from Ponzi to the book censorship, with the result that many honest readers will be bogged before reaching the crucial part of the story. Even more distressing is his implacable hostility to gray. He will not shade his characters. He will hide Vanzetti behind a dazzle of aureoles. He will sentimentalize his theme by choosing as the medium through which it is presented plucky old Grandmother Thornwell, the white-haired lay figure, who lived for forty unprotesting years in a golden cage and then left wealth and family to take up the life and cause of labor.

But to expect Sinclair to turn overnight into a Tolstoy is to cry for the moon. As art his novel is worthless; as propaganda it is superb. He has a theme and a character that ride triumphant over technical disabilities. And he has a living conscience. As he works toward a climax, the pretence of fiction gradually falls away and in the last magnificent chapters the book becomes a piece of glorified reporting. Concurrently, the heat of its author's indignation rises steadily higher until, at the end, the reader is left with the sense of having himself been cleansed and purified by fire and humbled by great tragedy.

FRANZ SCHUBERT AT 18
From "Franz Schubert," by Newman Flower (Stokes)

In Mellow Mood

A BROOD OF DUCKLINGS. By FRANK SWINNERTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER F. KOHN

A COUPLE of years ago, when Mr. Swinnerton was in this country, he told me that he liked to write about people who were essentially happy—people who fully appreciated the gravities of life and even coped with them repeatedly, but who in the face of every difficulty had enough native nobility and a sufficiently balanced temperament to preserve a cheerful front toward life.

This attitude, already manifest in many of his earlier books, will probably be challenged in Mr. Swinnerton's latest novel. Life isn't like that, some will say. People can't be as perpetually cool as Catherine Meadows, or as essentially unshaken as her father. Joe Gascoyne is a brave gesture, but hardly a living man. And so on.

Yet the fact is that such people do exist, and are all too frequently chronicled in contemporary fiction. And if "A Brood of Ducklings" is not particularly moving or profound, the reason lies not in any defective conception of character, but rather in a lassitude that betrays an unwilling writer filling a publisher's order or doing what his public expects of him.

For the story of the father who resents his daughters' independence of him in making their matrimonial ventures is anything but new; and no new angles of it are found in this story. It has all been told and said before.

Yet "A Brood of Ducklings" is written with an artistry and a mellow richness that go far toward mitigating the lack of freshness in its material. In reproducing the atmosphere of a home, Mr. Swinnerton has few equals. The mood of each room is definitely established and distinct; the overtones and implications of each home and of all the life that centers there are unmistakable. And whatever sympathy the reader concedes to Ferdinand Meadows is granted not because of his own outmoded and unreasonable attitudes, but because his is a battle in defence of his home, an essentially beautiful thing.

And he wins the battle, not by winning the false freedom with which the book closes, but by the realization—left unstated—that the beauty of the disrupted home cannot be destroyed or sullied. It lives in his daughters, in himself, and in the attitudes with which they meet the world.

Le Grande Meaulnes

THE WANDERER. By ALAIN FOURNIER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ALAIN FOURNIER, who was killed in the War, left behind him one book which has been generally accepted in France as remarkable. "Le Grand Meaulnes," published in 1913 when its author was only twenty-seven, is undoubtedly an unusually promising novel (one calls it that for want of a better term), and well deserves translation into English. It has been renamed not too aptly "The Wanderer." Its hero is a schoolboy in the French provinces, one Meaulnes, known as "Le Grand Meaulnes" both because of his size and his leadership in the school. His story is a strange and changeable one, which might seem vague if told in a less sincere fashion. Beginning as an enchanting fairy tale,—enchanting partly because perfectly possible all the while,—it turns into a mystery, then threatens to become an allegory of the pursuit of happiness, and finally ends as almost realistic tragedy.

The first half of the book, with its pictures of life in the little school, culminating in the mysterious adventure of Meaulnes, is nearly perfect. When he finds himself in the midst of a seemingly magical *fête* in a chateau which he is never afterwards able to locate, the air of romance and childish seriousness seems to take possession of Fournier's prose a well as of the hero. With Jules Renard's "Poil de Carotte" it is the best picture of adolescence of its pre-war period in French. It is only when the inevitable explanations begin, when Meaulnes marries his princess, that the mood breaks and the charm becomes less strong. The ending is difficult work for the reader, and was, one imagines, difficult for the author as well. It is disillusioned and yet inconclusive; in short, far less satisfactory than the beginning.

Yet it is a fascinating tale. While it never departs from what might be actually happening even at this late date, the atmosphere is not of the present. The great triumph of the author is that he makes the whole thing convincing without ever depriving it of its strangeness. Meaulnes himself is disappointing at the end; one believes more in his dream than in his character.

Alain Fournier's prose is a thing for mere Anglo-Saxons to marvel at, for without elaboration or loss of strength it is constantly flexible and expressive. His description of the *fête* compares with the best things in Poe for mystery, yet it is shorn of all baroque horrors. There can be little doubt that in Alain Fournier France lost a prose writer of the first rank, and it is a good thing to find his best book in English.

A literary landmark ends its existence with the closing to-day of the New Mercantile Library of Baltimore. Founded in 1839 by a group of merchans and business men who felt the need of cultural recreation, its officers and directors were leading figures in the literary development of Baltimore. The library during the first half century of its existence attracted to the city prominent literary visitors, among others Dickens, Thackeray, Paul du Chaillu, Bayard Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Bancroft, Emerson, and Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

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Clemenceau, Correspondent

AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by CLAUDE G. BOWERS

THIS book by Clemenceau on our Reconstruction period is immensely amusing in its misrepresentations and misinterpretations, and throws a much clearer light on the Clemenceau of his youth than upon the American struggle. Written for the Paris *Temps* anonymously, during the period of his residence in this country, these letters have been collected, translated, and given us with an introduction by Fernand Baldensperger, professor in the Sorbonne. Young and ardent, a radical and revolutionist by instinct, indifferent to our institutional plan and our Constitutional limitations, Clemenceau was a perfervent partisan of Thad Stevens, Ben Butler, and Wendell Phillips, and believed all Democrats rather despicable creatures and most Republicans crusaders of the Lord. While he appears to have made occasional journeys to Washington, he remained most of the time in New York, and his chronicle of the passing show was based on the stories of the Republican press of New York City. He had no patience at all with the *World;* Greeley was his god.

It is amazing in view of the present universal recognition of the stupidity and infamy, the cupidity and corruption of the period that he should have consented to the publication of these letters now, without footnotes to correct the misrepresentations of fact and the misinterpretations of events. He clearly had no intelligent conception of or sympathy with the federative system in this country; shared the Stevens view that the Constitution could be disregarded; joined in the contemptuous attitude of the radicals toward the Supreme Court. How jubilantly he wrote of the plans of the Ben Butlers to tie the hands of the Supreme Court! With what scorn did he write of Johnson's "strange scruples as to constitutionality"! With what enthusiasm did he characterize Stevens, Sumner, and Phillips as "the noblest and finest men in the nation!" And how cocksure he was about things of which he clearly had no adequate knowledge.

Thus we find him, a rabid supporter and idolator of Thad Stevens, writing that Johnson's policies up to December 1865 were "eminently wise and patriotic." Now by that time the lines had been drawn between Johnson and the radicals. Sumner, Stevens, and Phillips had thundered denunciations of these Johnson policies through the summer of 1865. If Johnson was "eminently wise and patriotic" up to December, the men whose Parisian mouthpiece Clemenceau became were unwise and unpatriotic up to that time—and thereafter, for neither they nor Johnson changed. It is clear that the Frenchman did not quite understand what was happening from April until December.

Thus he failed to grasp the significance of the South's objections to the Fourteenth Amendment. It was due to the proscription of the natural and tried leaders of that section, and Clemenceau wonders why they should object to an Amendment that did not give the ballot to the negro.

Thus he had the notion that the blacks during the war had fought and bled for the Union; whereas everyone knows that they stayed on the plantation, for the most part, manifesting the greatest loyalty to their masters and ready to protect the women and children with their lives.

Along with these misunderstandings, we have numerous misstatements of fact, easily accounted for by the difficulty of getting the absolute truth from the press which Clemenceau relied upon, especially since he accepted the *Tribune* without question and assumed that every word in the *World* was false. Thus when Stanton, through Grant's action, regained possession of the War office, and Johnson laid his plan before the Cabinet, Clemenceau informed his French readers that "not a single member approved his plan." In truth every member approved, and this should have been stated in a footnote. So, too, we have it in connection with the Impeachment trial that Ben Wade did not wish to vote, since he would have become President in the event of a successful issue; and this, of course, is grotesque. Even the disreputable Ashley, who sought through a criminal in jail to frame a case of murder against Johnson, and whose letter to an applicant for the land office in a Western territory, proposing that there should be a division of the spoils, had been published in the New York press, is described as "a sincere" creature.

However, these letters are worth while as indicating the utter madness and blackness of the times. They shed no truthful light on the period—quite the contrary. But they throw a vivid light on the Clemenceau of these early years. A thorough revolutionist, impatient of Constitutions and Courts, rabidly radical, keenly interested in politics and quick to ally himself with the extremists in the lead, he thoroughly enjoyed the controversy; and in his mind he was continually comparing it with the French Revolution. So Stevens was a Robespierre. And—this is amusing—he had orator after orator in Congress "mounting the rostrum" to speak. The book is interesting, and valuable for the purpose indicated, but could have been greatly improved had the editor corrected the misinterpretations and misrepresentations in footnotes.

Political Vignettes

STATESMEN OF THE WAR IN RETROSPECT. 1918-1928. By WILLIAM MARTIN. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

THE influence of the League of Nations and of Swiss mentality on journalists stationed at Geneva is a matter of international interest. William Martin is the leading journalist at the League's capital. The jacket of the present volume contains the information that he is Foreign Editor of the *Journal de Genève.* Other facts of his career likewise are noted. He has been a newspaper correspondent in Paris and Berlin, a professor at the University of Geneva, technical adviser to the International Labor Office, and an official in the information bureau of the League Secretaries.

But, M. Martin's chief interest to students of his book is not given. He contributes daily or almost daily to the *Journal de Genève* a leading article on foreign affairs which is widely read by the journalists representing foreign newspapers at Geneva, who keep the world informed about the League's activities. Statesmen, too, acquire impressions from his articles. There are at Geneva about fifty permanent newspaper correspondents, among them some eighteen Germans and half a dozen Americans. To call M. Martin their tutor would be resented; yet, it may be said that what are known in journalism as "situation stories," emanating from Geneva, often are indebted to M. Martin's writings for some of the information they distribute around the world.

The Swiss are not interested in world politics. Their constant desire is to keep their country neutral and aloof. They do not wish the Alps to look down into a second cockpit of Europe. They restrain themselves from becoming excited over world happenings by very largely ignoring them. The Geneva press respects this national manner of self-defense by repression. Little fresh knowledge about foreign affairs can be learned from the news columns of the journals published at the seat of the League of Nations. Too, the inhabitants of Geneva seldom interest themselves in the League, for there are many Main Streets outside the United States. M. Martin's column, therefore, is an oasis in the Geneva news desert.

His book is an interesting study in the psychology of environment. The influence of the League and of M. Martin's own Swiss nationality—he was born in Geneva of Swiss parents—is unmistakable. Not the statesmen of the war period but those interested in world peace call for M. Martin's exclusive admiration. "What would have become of us without a Lloyd George or a Clemenceau?" he asks, for he supports the Allied cause in the world conflict. "But," he adds,

> this is not the stamp of true greatness. . . . To make war at this moment in history was something; to be victorious in the name of justice and of democracy was much more. But the true statesmen were those who, looking beyond the immediate present and the apparent interests of their own country, devoted their efforts to preventing the return of such catastrophes in the future.

It is difficult to take such a statement seriously. Certainly, the cause of world peace is one that calls for the highest qualities in statecraft; but winning the war against the militaristic forces that were bent on establishing kaiserism in Europe demanded abilities in statesmen in no way secondary to those now necessary for preserving the peace that was gained on the battlefield. Statesmen who aspire to greatness by "looking beyond . . . the apparent interests of their own country" are dangerous leaders. Who is to say that within a few years the apparent interests may not become vital interests? The course of events is an unpredictable dynamic quality and there is no arguing with a catastrophe afterward. M. Martin recognizes this fact, without drawing, however, a conclusion from it:

> It is a mistake to imagine that statesmen control the course of events; more often it is the course of events that control them. Not even the autocrats—nay, the autocrats least of all—are free. Their wills are fettered by their environment, by their own nation, by their allies, by their adversaries, and, above all, by circumstances.

This is true. But, how, then, can the "true statesmen" be judged? Is he alone a statesman who ignores not only present events but also the grave possibility of future events, over which he can have no control, and places his country's all on the possibility of the wheel of fortune pointing to peace? M. Martin seems to think so. Perhaps one reason why popular sentiment has not rallied to the support of the League of Nations with an overwhelming impetus is because the problem of world amity is not quite as simple as that in its solution. True statesmanship must consider not only peace, but also the effects of prematurity and the fact that there is no common denominator in determining national interests.

M. Martin says:

> To explain events by the character of those who took part in them and the character of statesmen by the events in which they were involved is perhaps in the nature of a mental recreation, but it is a recreation not lacking in its use and its interest for history and for psychology.

Surely, outside Switzerland, such explanations are more than a "mental recreation." They serve as guideposts to the future, and the proper interpretation of them is of the utmost importance to true statesmanship. If the course of events controls statesmen, part of this control, at least, can be checked by studying the past not as a "mental recreation," but to gain practical knowledge of influences that operate within the events. The intellectualist among statemen, who regards his reading of history as a "mental recreation" has always been known among men, but he seldom is prepared for a crisis and eventually makes way for more practical leaders.

To M. Martin, Wilson, because he created the League of Nations, is the ideal statesman:

> President Wilson stamped the Peace with his imprint; all that is best in it is due to him. . . . The influence he wielded over the history of the world has been deeper and more beneficent than that of any of his contemporaries.

Holding this view, M. Martin proceeds to defend President Wilson for delaying America's entrance into the war. America first had to be educated, says M. Martin, adding: "The American public felt for European entanglements an instinctive horror traceable to a dictum of Washington's. A premature decision, the meaning of which the people could not have grasped, would have met with sullen resistance or violent opposition."

Here is room for assent or dissent without engaging in controversy. But, at the outbreak of the war, the statesmen of Great Britain faced a position similar to the difficulty which Mr. Martin describes as confronting President Wilson. The British Democracy, however, delayed entering the war only for a day or two, not for a matter of years. But, there is no particular love in Great Britain for the League of Nations. Permanent correspondents representing British newspapers at Geneva are few, perhaps, at this time, one or two. When events happen there, special correspondents are assigned to the post temporarily. One cannot help believing that the attitude of Great Britain toward the League has influenced M. Martin.

Yet, such extracts as these from M. Martin's pages do not detract from the interest of his brief sketches. They are very well done in many cases, though of varying merits. He regards Poincaré as "the most representative man of his time and race." His analysis of the temperament of Briand shows penetrating study. He writes well, too, of Chamberlain, Masaryk, Paderewski, Francis Joseph, and other world figures of the war and its aftermath. His book interprets extremely well the world view of an acute observer, psychologically under the League of Nations power.

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The Bowling Green

Satisfaction Piece

TO-DAY, for the first time this year, has the color and sound of winter. That empty lace-work of nude twigs, which will be so familiar a sight in months to come, still seems a bit strange. Except for the little Y-shaped birch tree, which always holds its leaves longer than any other, Satisfaction Piece is under bare poles. Satisfaction Piece, I should explain, is the little wood-lot next door, cynosure of these windows where I sit. (What an agreeable history the word *cynosure* has. First it meant a dog's tail; then, the constellation that looks like a dog's tail, viz. the Little Bear, containing the Pole Star; then, the Pole Star itself; and hence, something that everyone looks at and admires.) I call that small tract of jungle Satisfaction Piece because, after years of hankering and doubtfulness we bought it not long ago. And always, when you buy property, during those mystifying but enjoyable transactions in Phil Clarke's office at *The Thrift*, Brooklyn, I find some notation about a Satisfaction Piece. This particular plot of ground (don't magnify it in your imagination, it is only $^{46}/_{100}$ of an acre) is well named. For over eight years I have lived alongside it, trespassed upon it, gazed at it from the bathtub every morning, and suffered anxiety when the rumor ran that Somebody Else had bought it. Now I repeat it is ours (subject, of course, to a mortgage held by the genial old Thrift, my father confessor in all such matters). Satisfaction Piece!

I first heard of The Thrift (which is a bank in Brooklyn; its emblem is a bee-hive with some busy bees flying about it; its assets, I once read in a leaflet, are $7,182,853.91, which always gives me a thrill because somewhere toward the right hand end of that train of digits my small *peculium* is evidently included) long before I ever knew I would be one of its clients. In the early times at Doubleday's those of us who were cubs in the Sales Department grew accustomed to hearing our boss, D. N., the Sales Manager, calling up The Thrift repeatedly. D. N., I believe, was chambering his nautilus: in other words, building a mansion in Kew Gardens; and undoubtedly The Thrift had some hand in the affair, as it was with most of us in Nassau County. But D. N., by some particular charm of Cape Cod accent, could not possibly pronounce THR. *Hullo, Frift?* he used to ejaculate over the phone; so often that we all grew familiar with the word, believing it the name of some mysterious customer, like the Syndicate Trading Company, to whom large jobs of overstock could be sold. When I was sent out to pound the pavements myself, to try to sell certain laggard titles in bulk to Liggett's and Charles Broadway Rouss and McCrory and any who would take them, I sought vainly in the telephone book for the benevolent Mr. Frift. I smile when I think of all the young college people who imagine that the publishing business is learned by being "literary," sitting in a comfortable office and reading manuscripts. It wasn't learned that way under the wise and shrewd magistracy of Effendi Doubleday (kindest friend that young men ever had). No sir: you tackled every odd job there was around the place. The smoking car of the Long Island train, between Penn Station and Garden City, was the only "literary" sanctum, for there was where most of your MS. reading was done. Allow me to remark that the fortunes of many modern authors have been decided in those Long Island smokers.

* * *

But what I started to say was that this, the first wintry afternoon of the year, is one of those off-days (less frequent lately than I like them to be) when one shuts himself in here alongside Satisfaction Piece, for the moment occludes thoughts of other business however fascinating, and lies low. The strong November wind hums in the trees, and you are (was it Hazlitt's phrase?) "happy thinking." On such an afternoon, following several strenuous days and nights, you might even, secretly, repose yourself a while with so admirable a detective story as A. E. W. Mason's "The Prisoner in the Opal." For a man in solitude has no shame; and behind that closed door none can see what you are about. I can think of many things more deplorable to look back on than an hour's innocent siesta induced by the charms of police romance.

But not less pleasant, on these afternoons of slack, to turn over some of the accumulated catalogues. Most of them go into the big paper-basket at the Roslyn Heights P. O., unopened. I bought that paper-basket myself, and gave it to the U. S. Government, so that I should not feel responsible for embarrassing our kind postmistress by overloading the inadequate little tin toy provided by Washington. (Let me add that I deducted the cost of the basket from my Income Tax, justly I think.) But there is a pang in consigning any book catalogue at all to the rubbish heap. You never know what bird of strange plumage will twitter on an unexpected branch. Some catalogues I always am wise enough to bring home for scrutiny. Frank Hollings, for instance, of 7 Great Turnstile, High Holborn (Telegraphic Address: Opuscule, London). See what springs out at me from his latest booklet. It is in the itemization of Sir William Davenant's "Gondibert," 1651 (First Edition, £6 10s). Apparently part of the poem was written in prison, and in danger of death. He asks the reader "not to take it ill that I run not on to my last gasp. I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as Dying."—I need hardly remind you that Davenant was the Oxford poet who did not discourage the rumor that he was a natural son of Shakespeare. Shakespeare himself might have been proud of that line of exquisite bravado.

* * *

No man with a bright eye for trifles ever turns over booksellers' catalogues without finding flakes of mica. Here, still rummaging Mr. Hollings, we observe J. M. Barrie's humorous remarks at a dinner in honor of Frederick Greenwood, the famous editor, in 1905. (You remember the delightful story that it was Greenwood who did much to start Thomas Hardy's reputation. Going on a railway journey in 1872 he happened to see *Under the Greenwood Tree*, lately published, on the platform bookstall. His own name caught his eye, he read the book and wrote enthusiastically about it.) Anyhow it appears that Mr. Greenwood was a great smoker of cigars. Barrie says:

> "I did not smoke in those days. I abominated it, but my game was to get round him and study his weaknesses (Laughter). So I took to writing in the paper about smoking, and wrote so many articles about it that we ultimately made them into a book, and long afterwards I read the book, and was so fascinated by its pictures of the delights of tobacco that I took to smoking myself (Laughter)."

Here we find something odd and interesting; evidently there's a story behind it, as there is behind almost everything:

> IN MEMORY OF FOUR HAPPY DAYS. Some Weighty Words culled from the Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson wherein may find consolation the ten members of a certain merry Party who in Venice in the year of grace 1922 discussed more than is usual in Polite Circles the things that pertain unto The Inner Man. *October*, 1922. 8vo., *woodcut picture puzzle*, 4 pp., unbound, original blue wrappers, uncut. VERY FINE AND RARE. £10 10s.
>
> * PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY, *and one of a very few copies—Mr. Tomkinson's Bibliography gives the total number of issue as "About 30 copies." This is the only specimen which has ever come to our notice.*

Many of the books listed in this catalogue came from the shelves of Edmund Gosse. Inserted in one volume is a post-card from Thomas Hardy to Gosse. Hardy says "It is always the dirtiest-minded who clamour for 'clean' literature. . . . Remember what Swift says about them."

Alas, we don't remember—what *did* Swift say?

* * *

In a catalogue from Goodspeed's famous shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, I find an announcement that should interest someone:

> We have recently purchased from the library of the poet, Whittier, at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass., over one hundred volumes, each of which contains the facsimile-autograph book label (the method he took for the identification of his books). These books are, for the most part, of no literary importance; many of them the works of obscure modern authors but are interesting as souvenirs of the poet's library. As such we offer them singly for $1.00 per volume.

Perhaps the most pleasantly phrased announcement in recent de luxe bookselling appears on a beautiful aquatone card from William Edwin Rudge. It says:

> We have been entrusted by Colonel Isham with the printing of a limited edition of the newly found Private Papers of James Boswell, of which a description will be sent to those who will favor us with an expression of their interest.

I hope very much that Mr. Rudge will accept this intimation as an expression of my interest. Colonel Isham's Boswell Papers are of course a sensation of the first rank. As will also be, in collecting circles, the sale of Jerome Kern's Library. This great event begins at the Anderson Galleries on Monday evening January 7th at 8:15. Magi of the book world have already rubricated this date in their 1929 calendar. All the bona robas of the Edition Racket will be there; it will be an Opening Night of enormous lustre. I assure you that the most thrilling opening nights of the theatre do not exceed in tense premonition the emotional tremors of a really important book auction. Those evenings have a First Night following all their own, and an extraordinarily interesting one. They are people who know—in the charming phrase that Charley Towne quotes from the late George Barr McCutcheon—that "books once were men."

* * *

George W. Trimble writes from Toronto:

> I noticed an advertisement in a local paper the other day for Stone Ginger Beer. It reads: "Stone Ginger has a multitude of uses—for the morning after the night before, for the invalid who is tired of other things, for the sick child with parched lips, for the woman who wants something different at her bridge party. Stone Ginger is as old as the Merry Monarch of England, yet as new as people with epicurean taste demand."

To all which I heartily assent, and wish that Mr. Charles the grocer, who sells ginger beer in New York, would do a little talking about it in public—perhaps right here in the *Saturday Review*.

* * *

Thurston Macauley writes:

> I was pleased to see your remarks about Harry Johnson and his "Bartender's Manual," for ever since Mr. Herbert Asbury's edition of Jerry Thomas's similar masterpiece of concoctions appeared I have been waiting for someone to see that the worthy philosopher was not overlooked.
>
> But, in addition to Mr. Johnson's talents as a bartender, did you know that the tavern in the basement of India House, downtown in Hanover Square, is said to have been founded by the same Harry Johnson of whom you wrote? That, at least, is what the present proprietor of the Hanover Square Restaurant told me not so long ago when I was lunching there. He recounted that it has been a popular lunching establishment for some fifty odd years and wiped a tear from his eye as he mentioned its founder and his proficiency in the lost art of mixing drinks. In your "Plum Pudding" you have included the Hanover Square among the taverns favored by the Three Hours for Lunch Club, and you doubtless are well aware of the excellent quality of the Teutonic dishes they serve, quite comparable to the Hofbrau, Continental, Meyer's, and other hostelries of your own Hoboken across the Hudson.

* * *

One of the pleasantest evenings imaginable, for the right sort of people, can be had by a reading aloud of some of the gorgeous satiric portions of Lee Wilson Dodd's new volume of poems "The Great Enlightenment." See particularly his Epistle to Alexander Pope on *Publicity*—first printed in this magazine.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A foreign correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writing of Hermann Sudermann, whose death occurred on November 21, says: "Forty years have passed since Sudermann leaped into fame with the production of his most famous drama, 'Die Ehre,' or 'Honor.' For twenty years thereafter he dominated the literary life of Germany. His was the genius which first exploited problem plays in this country; and with his first stage success, 'Honor,' he set the entire nation to thinking over the anomalies contained in the social standards of its officers' corps, which at that time was the criterion for Germany's domestic life. His art was the forerunner of naturalism on the stage, which Stanislavsy in Russia and Max Reinhardt in Germany later made the basis of their successes. But it was tinged with romantic sentimentalism which critics regarded with ill favor and, despite his immense popular success, he never succeeded in winning the good opinion of the 'intellectuals.' When later Gerhart Hauptmann, his contemporary who for years was comparatively unknown, suddenly attained popularity not only with the public but also with the critics, Sudermann's light in Germany began to decline. This process continued, and since the war Hauptmann had completely eclipsed his colleague's fame.

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Books of Special Interest

An Academic Utopia

COLLEGE OR KINDERGARTEN? By MAX MCCONN. New York: The New Republic. 1928. $1.

Reviewed by JAMES L. MCCONAUGHTY

THE recent books on the American college would fill a two-foot shelf, at least. One thinks at once of the studies by Dr. Kelly, Warden Bell, Professor Richardson, Instructor Marks, the undergraduates of Dartmouth, and the criticisms by Veblen, Kirkpatrick, and Upton Sinclair—and, best of all, by a layman, a non-college graduate, "College," by John Palmer Gavit. Another worth while criticism is added to the shelf in this book, with its challenging, but scarcely justifiable title, by the Dean of Lehigh, formerly the Registrar of the University of Illinois, doubly interesting as a college critic because in spite of his long administrative experience, he has never been a college professor.

Most educational literature is Utopian in point of view,—Plato told of an ideal educational scheme, never yet realized; so did Bacon, Comenius, Rousseau, Jefferson,—and McConn. Educational daydreams are intellectually provoking and worth while, although the reviewer gravely doubts whether this one ever should, or could, be realized. Dean McConn's thesis is that most students go to college to-day for social prestige and advantages, but not for scholarship. He recommends a differentiation of our colleges into two types,—one, the "Kindergarten" or "Gentleman's College," with interesting lectures, easy courses, stimulating athletics and extra-curriculum activities, but little or no pretense of scholarly work. In the other, "the Real College," intellectual pursuits would be supreme, with inspiring teachers and preceptors, and no students except those who are earnest scholars. The description of the latter kind of college,—an academic Utopia,—fills most of the book. Admission to it would be by a combination of school certificate, questionnaire, psychological examination, and personal interview, rather than by College Board or other type of entrance examinations. The Survey course would play a large part in the curriculum of the first two years, and the work of the last two would be largely preceptorial and in seminars. The faculty would have sharply differentiated duties: some would be merely quiz masters for elementary drill work, some lecturers, most would be preceptors or tutors, for the direction of individual student's work. Faculty research would not be stressed, as this, the author believes, is chiefly a university concern. All students and most of the faculty would live together; fraternities would vanish; 2,000 is the desired size of such a "Real College." It is to be coeducational, because the author believes the segregated college for men often results in vice and sends out graduates unable to understand and deal with women,—two conclusions with which probably most college administrators will disagree. Intercollegiate athletics would be lacking, or at least insignificant; intramural athletics would flourish, and student activities would be almost exclusively intellectual. The college would be governed by a combination of faculty, students, and alumni, and no trustees. Finally, this separation of colleges into "gentleman's institutions" and "real colleges" will soon be forced upon us by the Junior College movement, which Dean McConn believes dooms the present type of college.

Well, perhaps so, and quite probably not! It may be fairly stated that many colleges are "real" to-day,—or very close to this ideal. Again one wonders which college will, willingly, accept the "gentleman's kindergarten" ideal and give up any pretense of scholarly ideals. Certainly no state is likely to permit its own state supported institution to do so; and one mentally checks over the Eastern colleges in vain, to find one which to-day is not markedly emphasizing scholarship. Whether donors could be found to establish a new "kindergarten" type of institution, seems doubly doubtful. Furthermore, one wonders whether the "real" college, lacking the charming "gentleman" type, would not chiefly appeal to academic prigs, who decry athletics and all social contacts, and who, many of us feel, would make up a rather uninspiring group for a college undergraduate body. Would not a more normal application of this proposal be a common freshman and sophomore year, followed by the differentiation, and perhaps segregation on a special spot on the campus, of those scholastically ambitious juniors and seniors who are intent on a "real" education,—leaving the gentlemen to carry on the college "activities," which *do* have a value, and letting each group, parts of the same institution, supplement the work of the other?

However, the book is stimulating, easy to read, cheap to buy, and worthy of consideration by all interested in the future of a rapidly changing institution,—the American college.

The Savoyards

THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: or The "Compleat" Savoyard. By ISAAC GOLDBERG. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by ROBERT W. MARKS

AS a mechanism of escape from the two dominant Victorian illusions—the illusion that motion is progress and that smugness is culture—English cynics developed the nonsense verse. In the days when a woman's leg was one of the unmentionable parts of her anatomy, and a woman's body was decorously camouflaged as a spool of cotton, W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan—the Savoyard twins—arose to parody queen, courtesan, and Mrs. Grundy in a mirror of tuneful nonsense. They held up the mirror to life: but their mirror was astigmatic and reflected unholy things. The British public had developed inhibitions. The mauve seriousness of a suddenly industrialized civilization and the pristine reins of the wife of Albert, prince-consort, had effected chafing suppressions in the subconscious of the Empire. The two pontiffs of Savoy, having combined talents at a psychological moment—the one biting maliciously at the absurdities of the day in an approved medium, the other fixing the venom firmly in the public mind with catching airs—became, almost overnight, the national apostles of escape.

This, in brief, is the leading *motif* of Mr. Goldberg's work. Gilbert and Sullivan were, after all, he says, moralists, not sociologists. They chided personal foibles, and only indirectly social abuses. Yet something vital in them lives beyond their time; they still speak to an age that knows neither corset nor petticoat, that votes with its women, and finds Freud insufficiently aphrodisiac. Perhaps it is because they chide individuals and not institutions that their works, so admirably held in solution by Sullivan's music, has lived.

The undercurrent of the book has to do with the paradoxes in the nature of this strange pair whose star was one of genius when their forces were joined, of mediocre oratory and oratorio when apart. Gilbert fights his way through the pages assigned to him, waging his inner warfare against pompous rhetoric, Katishas, or Queen Victoria-like women, and a prose style which was a cross between that of Jim Tully and the late Dr. Frank Crane. Sullivan, left to himself, would have kept onward with the Christian Soldiers, and all his life sung soprano—or falsetto—in the church choir.

The field of Mr. Goldberg's work includes a survey of the English drama and burlesque prior to the advent of Gilbert and Sullivan, the life and earlier works of each, and a historical and critical estimate of the substance of each opera . . . in chronological order. Its structure displays the same opaque quality that marked "The Man Mencken," of three years back—an opaque quality which results from too ponderous a mass of detail suspended from a framework in which there has been little economy of material, in which every available fact garnered from obscure sources had been fitted, even with a sledge hammer. The author's research in the files of Savoyana has been long and profound, as his contributions to current periodicals have testified. And in the hundreds of pages of this tome, he has endeavored to free his conscience of the sins of omission.

Regarded from a technical angle—the angle of the student, and not the lay, romantic reader, "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan" is more significant. Mr. Goldberg has unquestionably chronicled the vital and interpretive statistics of the Savoyard period. Regardless of organization, this meat is there. And with judicious reading and due regard for the index and table of contents, it can be effectively extracted. But whether this is done or not, the book stands as the only American contribution to the literature of those two who defied a "wise—though not the only—attitude toward that bit of nonsense verse called existence," and perhaps the most complete work which in that field has yet been written.

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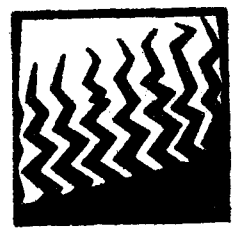

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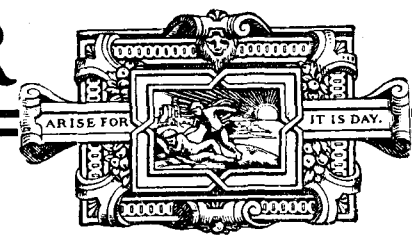

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Books of Special Interest

Replies to "Mother India"

FATHER INDIA. By C. S. RANGA IYER. Toronto: Louis Carrier & Co. 1928. $2.
A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IT was inevitable that the sons of Mother India should indite replies to Miss Mayo's "Mother India" after it had stirred up public discussion in various parts of the world. Here are two of them. They typify two of the main classes into which all such replies must be divided. One is angry and vitriolic: the other is temperate and pitying. Both will help to give wider dissemination to the charges made in "Mother India" itself.

The question is asked as to what the American people would think if an Indian woman journalist should come to the United States, visit a few hospitals and jails, and perhaps Chicago, and then go back and describe what she had seen as "America." The answer is fairly easy: they would think of it not at all. They would go about their business as usual and have no worry lest a few falsehoods divert the course of history.

We suspect that the men and women of India would do likewise. Yet these authors assure us that nothing since the Amritsar massacre has so stirred up racial hatred in India. This statement alone would go far to indicate that there is more to Miss Mayo's work than a compilation of empty falsehoods. It is the truth that hurts. In fact, when we get down to cases, the principal complaint against her is that she has stated "half-truths." For example, Miss Mayo is berated because she says that "in common practice" Indian girls look for motherhood nine months after reaching puberty—or anywhere between the ages of fourteen and eight. In refutation of this statement, we are told that "sixty per cent of the girls marry after fourteen." Then the argument goes on to dwell upon the propriety of this. We are not delayed to consider the fate of the forty per cent who, it is admitted, marry under fourteen. Surely this percentage is sufficient to warrant Miss Mayo's characterizing it as "common practice." Nor is there any discussion of the awful conditions which Miss Mayo describes as resulting from this early subjection to marital intercourse. The point is sufficient—the majority of Indian girls marry after fourteen, therefore we should pay no attention to what she says about the forty per cent minority who are married younger than that.

Mr. Iyer, a member of the Indian Legislative Assembly, conceives the *tu quoque* as the most telling argument. After insisting upon the idea that Miss Mayo was a "tourist" who went to India with a set purpose to write a popular, sensational, thrilling, sex book, and at the same time with a mission to prove that colored people are not fit for freedom, he replies that, even if India is as bad as Miss Mayo says it is, it is not as bad as these United States. He culls with delight paragraph after paragraph from Judge Lindsay's "Revolt of Youth" and says: "There! Look at that! Is not that as bad as anything in 'Mother India'?" It may be, but what has that to do with India?

There is, of course, an appreciable amount of consolation in such tactics. Miss Mayo tells of the prostitutes in the Hindu temples. Mr. Iyer retorts: "The prostitutes are, therefore (because of having served in the temples), one of the most god-fearing and loyal class (sic) of mistresses known to that unfortunate profession." So be it. Miss Mayo questions neither their fear of god nor their loyalty.

Father India has shown a commendable desire to rush to the rescue of Mother India, but it is doubtful whether his efforts will carry much conviction to minds not already convinced.

Mr. Mukerji is more effective. He has more respect for his English-speaking audience than has Mr. Iyer and therefore confines himself more closely to matters about which there is room for real argument. The mother fares better at the hands of the son than at those of the father. Which, curiously enough, is also in line with the thesis of "Mother India." The "Father" is apparently an irrascible old codger. He may treat his wife most inconsiderately himself, but he won't have others even talk about her ills. The "Son" would defend them both by showing that it is not as bad as it appears.

Mr. Mukerji approvingly quotes Ghandi as saying: "If Miss Mayo had confessed that she had gone to India merely to open out and examine the drains of India, there would perhaps be little to complain about her compilation. But she says in effect with a certain amount of triumph, 'The drains are India.'"

It may be said in passing that if the drains of any country present such conditions as are described in "Mother India," there should be but one issue before the people of that country—the cleaning of the drains. And when the work was completed, there should be a vote of thanks to the person who disclosed their foulness.

Mr. Mukerji, unlike Mr. Iyer, is sensible of a desire on Miss Mayo's part to help in the correction of existing evils. He simply feels that her method is wrong because it is too drastic, too harsh. He adjures her to rewrite "Mother India" and, to assist her in this task, offers an outline of the book as he would write it.

We should enjoy Mr. Mukerji's book, as we have enjoyed those he has already written along these lines. But it hardly seems the book Miss Mayo set out to write, nor is it evident that it would have had a comparable effect in promoting reform. Miss Mayo says on page twelve of "Mother India," "Leaving untouched the realms of religion, of politics, and of the arts, I would confine my inquiry to such workaday ground as public health and its contributing factors." Is not this an Occidental way of phrasing the very idea Mr. Mukerji had in mind when he says, with Oriental picturesqueness, if she had confessed she was simply going to open the drains, he would have little complaint about her book.

Public health was Miss Mayo's interest and she deliberately and openly discarded all others matters. Nowhere does she say in effect, triumphantly or otherwise, "The drains are India." Nowhere, except in the implication of her title. Both of our authors deplore the use of this title. For them the thought behind the name "Mother India" has an element of sanctity. To use it ironically is little short of blasphemy. A book with such a title should *ipso facto* dwell upon the glories of India and, if it touched upon shortcomings at all, should do it in such a way as not to give offense—much less to hurt proud sensibilities.

I have heard heated discussion among Americans as to the appropriateness of the title. Perhaps antiquity and a sensitiveness due to the ills of age should be respected. But if Miss Mayo's book betrays anything of her character, surely it is her seriousness of purpose and the sincerity of her desire to see improved the conditions she describes. The case for the title as it is, was almost irresistible. The book is no reflection on "Mother India": it is an indictment of those who, while they use the name as a symbol of what is good and a shield for what is bad, permit a treatment of the actual mothers of India—even if only forty per cent of them—which is a scandal to humanity. There is bitter irony in the title: there is no claim that the book describes India in all its aspects.

But of the effect. We are told that it has aroused tremendous animosity in India; that it has relighted the candle of race-hatred; that it has done many another evil thing. We venture to believe that this has been a bit overplayed. That it has caused resentment, there can be little doubt. That was inevitable. That it has brought home to the more advanced Indians a new appreciation of the gravity of some of their problems is equally certain. When the resentment caused by the book is long forgotten, honest and sincere Indians will be working to eradicate the evils it described. And Englishmen and women will be able to work with them along these lines more effectively than they have in the past.

What is more, the book has, for better or for worse, brought East and West more understanding of each other. Too long has the East hidden behind the veil of its "spirituality" and condemned the West for its "materialism." Such things as "Mother India" has brought to light, give added weight to the dictum of Hu Shih, China's most eminent philosopher, when he says there is more spirituality in the West than in the East. Spirituality should no longer be allowed to impose its abstractions at the expense of the health and life of human beings.

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Foreign Literature

Argentine Fiction

DON SEGUNDO SOMBRA. By R. GUIRALDES.

Reviewed by HERMINE HALLAM HIPWELL

THE casual visitor to Buenos Aires, the tourist on pleasure bent who arrives during the temperate winter months and stays a fortnight or so in the intensely sophisticated cosmopolitan and modern Federal Capital, even the residents of long standing who know only the gay yet monotonous life of the great city and the amusements of watering resorts and hill stations, are all apt to forget the source from which Argentine wealth springs which allows the city and its inhabitants to be so stridently up to date. And those even who, like the writer, count a year incomplete without a month or so spent on one of the cattle ranches—"estancias"—of the interior are liable to overlook the lowly cattleman of mixed Spanish and Indian descent who, in spite of the invasion of Argentina by Mr. Henry Ford's excellent vehicles, still upholds traditions dating back to the days of Martin Fierro, that legendary gaucho of the very early epoch of Argentine independence, whose story forms the most important classic in the Argentine—not Spanish—language.

Argentine literature of the present day, however, reflects a tendency to return to the wholly satisfying subject of life on the *pampas*, rather than to the intricacies of city life which in Buneos Aires, as in all Latin American cities, must needs, it seems, be always imbued with erotic melancholy. In recent years the most important book, judging by sales figures only, dealing with Argentine "camp" life was Enrique Larreta's "Zogoibi," a novel of some literary importance, but giving a wholly erroneous impression of an estanciero's life. This book, in spite of its obvious defects, undoubtedly contained passages in which the beauty of the *pampas* was described with a sincerity betokening deep love of those endless plains across which the gleaming white clouds fling long shadows, and the burning line of the horizon sears the eyes with the white-hot intensity of the rim separating gray-green earth from pale blue sky.

In "Don Segundo Sombra," by Ricardo Guïraldes, published in the summer of 1928, the life of the cattlemen of the plains has been immortalized in a simple account of a *resero's* days. Public and press alike acclaimed the book a masterpiece on its first appearance. And to a public accustomed to the mawkish sentimentality of the majority of books dealing with life on a wholly imaginary *pampa*, peopled by lay figures talking in a conventional dialect on conventional subjects, "Don Segundo Sombra" must have come as a shock and a revelation. A shock because of the stark simplicity of the tale, told in the first person by a young orphan who joins the cattlemen at the age of fourteen and wanders with them across the pampas learning all the secrets of their hazardous calling. A revelation since, stripped of all conventional trappings, the life of the *pampas* and of the men on the *pampas*, in spite of modernity and the changes it has brought about in all ranks of life in and out of town, is described as full of majesty and beauty, of danger and adventure as in the legendary days of Martin Fierro.

The hero of this book, is not "el guacho," the camp term for a motherless animal and one generally applied to orphans from which the word "gaucho" or lonely dweller of the plains is presumably derived, but rather Segundo Sombra the cattleman who from the first takes the lad under his tutelage, opening up before him the wonderful vistas of a life spent in close communion with nature. That Don Segundo Sombra typifies all that which is best in the camp man to-day goes without saying, since it is the forceful delineation of this character, so full of unexpected charm, of unconscious poesy, and a vast understanding of humanity—that bizarre, pathetic, yet always self-sufficient humanity of the *pampas*—which makes of this seemingly simple story one of the most interesting and important Argentine literary productions of the last three or four years.

Less colorful, less full of "copy," apparently less erotic than the life of the legendary wild west of filmland, the life of the Argentine pampas has its own particular charm which if less widely advertised is perhaps on that very account more satisfying to the weary city-dweller who turns to the undulating plains for the solace of the hushed magic enveloping the long summer days, or the mystery of the semi-tropic nights ablaze with the star spattered splendor of the skies. The acid smell of wood smoke, the crackle of the logs beneath the spitted lamb roasting for the early morning meal, the musical notes accompanying the bell-mare's movements as she trots soberly at the head of her little troop, the sharp whirr of the flying lasso flung by muscles of steel, the noise and excitement of the "rodeo," all these Guïraldes portrays in his book with a fidelity which puts to shame the mawkishness which only too often mars even the best description of camp life. Perhaps the fact that the author has himself experienced thoroughly the delights and the sorrows of camp life accounts for the racinness—that rich flavor of the soil—which stamps his work with a reality which has little or no relation to the repugnant realism of too many Argentine writers. The very dialect rich with proverbs, which separated from their surroundings lose much of their picturesque charm, should appeal to all students of the *idioma nacional*, that bastard tongue which if lacking somewhat in Castillian salt has its own distinct and fascinating flavor. And this same dialect, which in less able hands is apt to degenerate into an almost meaningless collection of mis-spelt words, interlarded freely with the ubiquitous "che," representing the Argentine idiom all over South America, has been used by Guïraldes in a manner betokening complete mastery of his subject.

A Stage Designer

BORIS ARONSON ET L'ART DU THEATRE. By WALDEMAR GEORGE. Paris: Editions des Chroniques du Jour. 1928. $7.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

THE collected works of American stage designers, as well as American artists, do not find their way into books as readily as do those of their Parisian *confrères*. In fact, from the full list of the Americans who have contributed so decisively to the visual development of our theatre during the last fifteen years, Robert Edmond Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, Herman Rosse, and John Wenger are the only native designers whose drawings and projects have been collected in volumes devoted exclusively to recording the individual work of each of these men. Lee Simonson, Joseph Urban, Livington Platt, Jo Mielziner, James Reynolds, Ernest de Weerth, Donald Oenslager, Raymond Sovey, and a score of other men who decorate our stages have never been accorded such an honor although many of them have deserved it. But now from Paris, in that excellent series, "Editions des Chroniques du Jour," comes a beautifully printed, excellently edited, and truly invigorating collection of the settings and costumes of Boris Aronson, a young Russian designer who, though he has not yet gained the full recognition in the American theatre that he deserves, has during the past few years added much to the vitality and lustre of that fringe of theatres on the outskirts of Broadway.

Working mostly in the Jewish theatre—the Unser Theater in the Bronx, Maurice Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theatre, and the Irving Place Theatre—and contributing settings for "2x2-5" at the Civic Repertory last season, Mr. Aronson has done much more than have most of our work-a-day designers to catch the contemporary dynamics of Manhattan and to transfer them successfully to the stage. As a Russian who entered the theatre during those first turbulent days of the Revolution, he has been influenced by such a popular scenic mode in Moscow and Leningrad as Constructivism. But he has adapted it to his own purposes and his own individuality.

For the uses of contemporary managers, Mr. Aronson may seem too uncompromising an individualist, and too much of a "one style man." But the simple fact is that Mr. Aronson has more to say than can be said in the kitchens and parlors of the commercial theatre. His costumes, which also bear the stamp of a skilled and virtuoso interpreter, show his vigorous mastery of color, line, and conception. It is not a little ironic that it took Waldemar George, that astute art critic of contemporary Paris, to see the real merits of Aronson, who has been working in New York these past few years. But, though the book may introduce Aronson, it indicates that he has not yet said all that he has to say. If the American theatre is wise it will be grateful for the record as it stands, and give him the opportunity of adding to it on this side of the water.

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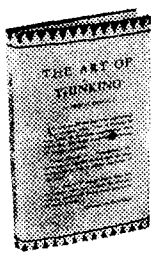

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Points of View

"The Prohibition Mania"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The gentle reviewer of "The Prohibition Mania" thinks it very strange that the authors of that "reply to Professor Irving Fisher and others" deemed it necessary, or advisable, or profitable to take the trouble involved in the writing of a book in examination and refutation of what they regarded as patent fallacies, egregious blunders, mere guesswork, and preposterous statistics.

Let me explain the apparent paradox to him, although there are sentences in his own notice of the book in question that might have furnished him the explanation had he borne in mind when he wrote them what he had said in earlier paragraphs about the alleged inconsistency or paradox.

Professor Fisher is a distinguished economist—Professor Emeritus of Economics at Yale, in fact. He is supposed to be a very careful and scientific statistician. He has written important works; he has dealt with intricate problems—the possible stabilization of the dollar, for example. He is a progressive thinker, a critic of the protective system, a champion of international justice, a friend of the League of Nations. His fervent espousal of the Prohibition Amendment of Volsteadism was a veritable godsend to the drys, if not exactly a surprise to the wets. A book from a man treated as an eminent and disinterested authority demands attention. The more sophistical and worthless it is, the more damage it does, for most people worship authority and cannot or will not use their own minds.

Now, as a matter of fact, three very learned and highly respected persons—one an internationally famous social worker, one a dean of the University of Chicago, and one a veteran professor of ethics and philosophy at the same institution—recommended Professor Fisher's book on Prohibition to the writer of these lines, whom they knew as a wet and an uncompromising opponent of the reactionary eighteenth amendment and the asinine Volstead act. In recommending that book they spoke of Dr. Fisher's rare skill in handling figures, of his moderation and sobriety in statement, of his familiarity with and scrupulous respect for the canons and rules of logical reasoning. "Fisher will convert you," they said, or, at least, "show you that prohibition is not the farce, the ignorant blunder, the fanatical assault on liberty and common sense you hold that it is."

Well, I read the books, and my amazement was both sincere and boundless. How could Professor Fisher write such trash and call it science? I asked myself. I discussed the matter with my friend, Mr. Darrow, and we decided that, if college deans, professors, and social workers of great influence and exceptional experience could take the book seriously, find it informing and persuasive, and earnestly recommend it to a militant wet whose intelligence they recognized, it certainly needed and warranted a rather patient and elaborate reply.

As to the merits of the reply, I offer no opinion. The kind reviewer finds the authors guilty of some alleged minor inaccuracies or harsh statements, but he admits that we succeeded in demolishing the Fisher fabric. We thank him for the admission. He is mistaken, however, in saying that the book contains nothing but an examination of Dr. Fisher's arguments and claims. It contains several chapters that barely mention Fisher or refer to him only in passing and as a type. Those chapters take up fundamental aspects of the Prohibition question—such as Why Men Drink, Is Alcohol a Life Shortener?, Nullification, so-called, and Contempt for Law generally as a by-product of wilful and deliberate violation of Volsteadism and the Eighteenth Amendment by millions of excellent citizens. A committee appointed by the National Women Voters' League to study the prohibition problem, and the books and articles it has elicited, publicly declared at a convention that "The Prohibition Mania" was the most comprehensive and thoughtful—though not impartial—volume on the subject extant. The reply to Dr. Fisher is inevitably a reply to all other advocates or defenders of prohibition. We overlooked no point relevant to the controversy.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago, Oct. 29.

More, More!

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

How could we teachers of the Classics get along without The Bowling Green? Last year you gave us a modern parallel to use in our Martial course, and this year you have laid us under further obligation by providing a delightful commentary on Lucretius's picture of Primitive Man. He too brought into his cave the red flower that blossomed when the branches of the mountain oaks rubbed against each other in the wind:

"At saepe in magnis fit montibus" inquis "ut altis arboribus vicina cacumina summa terantur inter se, validis facere id cogentibus austris, donec flammai fulserunt flore coorto"; or when "Sky had killed the tree": *Fulmen detulit in terram mortalibus ignem primitus, inde omnis flammarum diditur ardor.*

Again, the Roman poet never wrote a more majestic passage than that in which he tells how the anger of "The Big Noise" contributed to the birth of religion:

In caeloque deum sedes et templa locarunt, per caelum volvi quia nox et luna videtur, luna dies et nox et noctis signa severa noctivagaeque faces caeli flammaeque volantes,
nubila sol imbres nix venti fulmina grando et rapidi fremitus et murmura magna minarum.

Let Mr. Morley write us other episodes, for we are getting to look upon him as one of our stanchest supporters.

HERBERT C. LIPSCOMB
Randoph-Macon College.

Cæsar Rodney

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The Historical Society of Delaware has in preparation the publication of letters written to and by Cæsar Rodney, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It desires information as to Rodney letters that may be in the possession of autograph collectors, with a view to including them in the proposed book. Will those having knowledge of such letters kindly advise the Society, addressing it at Old Town Hall, Wilmington, Delaware?

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DELAWARE.

Amplification

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Virginia Kirkus writes you correcting a mistake in my review of "The Weaver of the Frost" and asks where I got the idea that its adult author and illustrator were children. Though I have destroyed the book's jacket, I am certain that my "idea" was printed thereon. Where else could I have found those exact (though inexact) ages—eight and twelve? Certainly not from personal knowledge nor from my imagination.

WITTER BYNNER.

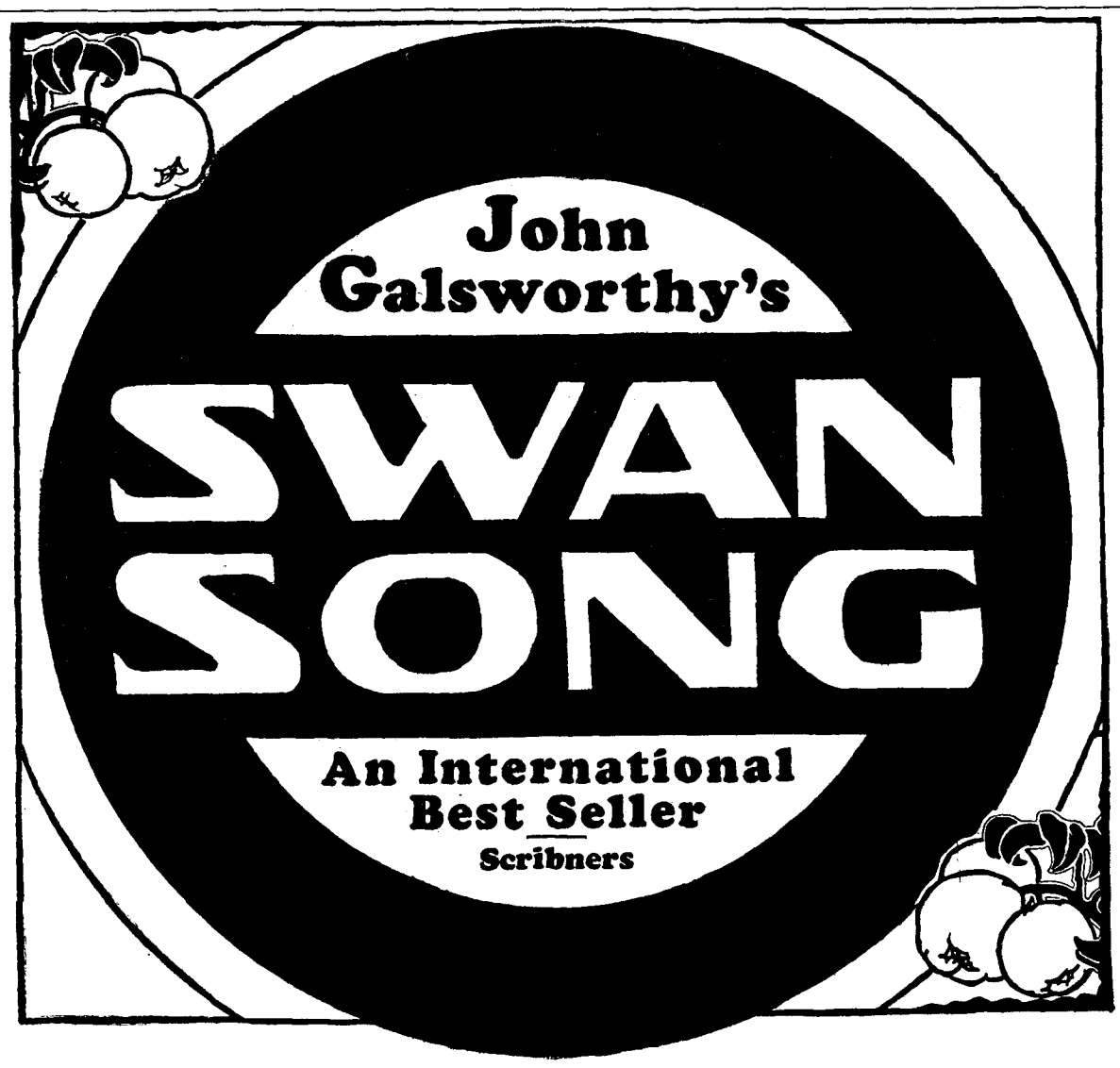
Mark Twain Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you please announce in your letter column that I am writing a life of my kinsman, S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) and I would much appreciate communications from those of your readers who have Twain's letters or other material pertaining to the humorist.

CYRIL CLEMENS.
1180 College Avenue, Mayfield, Cal.

"Wordsworth," says the Manchester *Guardian*, "was eminent among those who have had no appreciation of music whatever. In this respect he had some affinity with his old friend, Charles Lamb."



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I know I want these books—

How many of my friends will chuckle and laugh as they read Anne Parrish's delicious satire! If ever an author has seen through a woman she has in ALL KNEELING, and her style is so gay and amusing! That is one book I can give to the girls and be sure that they'll love it.

Then I want, too, THE TERRIBLE SIREN, which everyone is talking about. It is only just out and it's naughty enough for several of my friends who enjoy racy anecdotes. Victoria Woodhull—the firebrand of the seventies—the most notorious preacher of free love of the century—what a woman she appears in this thrilling biography!

I must have THE TRAGIC EMPRESS by Maurice Paleologue . . . Empress Eugenie's own story so long suppressed by Napoleon III. Guedalla's SECOND EMPIRE was so interesting and all who read it will want to get the inside story of the monarchical intrigue that led up to the Franco-Prussian War. It is new and the critics adore it.

And I have put down also, MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN that tells the all too human and often pathetic story of the southern belle who married the great Emancipator. Carl Sandburg, William E. Barton, William H. Townsend and other Lincoln authorities all heartily recommend it, and I understand it contains new material from the recently discovered Lincoln diaries.

And surely I want LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE. I want it for myself and for a few special friends who will appreciate a book of beauty and who will love what everyone is calling "the best book on Leonardo ever written." I can afford to spend a little more for the best, and this book is certain to please.

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The New Books

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ORIENTAL ART. By *R. Koechlin* and *G. Migeon*. Macmillan. $12.50.

ANANIAS *or* THE FALSE ARTIST. *By Walter Pach*. Harpers. $4.

A LONDON REVERIE. By *Joseph Pennell*. Edited by *J. C. Squire*. Macmillan. $8.

Belles Letters

MY AFRICAN GARDEN. By SHEILA MACDONALD. Century. 1928. $2.

The charming custodian of yet another garden rises before the mind's eye as one reads this plucky and humorous chronicle. It is pleasant to imagine "Elizabeth" and Mrs. MacDonald getting together to compare notes. And among the perpetual gardens of the Elysian Fields the Man of Wrath and The Breadwinner may sometimes meet to exchange remarks on this unaccountable and expensive obsession of womankind.

Mrs. MacDonald wisely avoids making her book a horticultural catalogue of strange blooms, only occasionally indulging in such passages as "the blurred coloring of schizanthus, the mauve scabious, the rosy pink of massed clarkia." Instead, she fills her narrative with the hilarious anecdotes indigenous to every family, and especially to one made up of two active and observant small boys and a staff of natives (named respectively Mafuta, Fool, Jim Fish, and Teeth) to whom a mouse in the soup-pot is a trifle of the most elementary significance. The needed element of conflict is more than amply supplied by the eternal warfare waged with *schelms*, a word which in Africa embraces a whole encyclopaedia of undesirables in man and beast, and may include "cutworms, caterpillars, weeds, a burned cake, sulky plants, naughty children, sour mealie meal, bad eggs." "My African Garden" is the first of Mrs. MacDonald's books to be published in the United States, and it should not be her last.

QUEER BOOKS. By EDMUND PEARSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $3.

Temperance novels, novels sentimental and horrific, novels of "side-whiskered seduction"; spread-eagle orations, and poetry so bad that it makes one happy and eager to quote; books on etiquette and "genteel behavior," gift books and annuals, all "lilies and languorous"; books by cranks and by the semi-insane—Mr. Pearson ranges through earlier nineteenth century American literature, and collects things which inspire a man to reflections more or less melancholy. The twentieth century turns a withering realistic eye on the follies of its grandparents, and their era seems to it more fertile than other eras in crochets and queerness. Perhaps it was. And will our absurdities be as entertaining to our grandchildren? Perhaps they will. But if one suspects that there will appear less absurdity but more dulness, it introduces a streak of melancholy.

ON DOING THE RIGHT THING. By *Albert Jay Nock*. Harper. $2.50.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Vol. V. Prose. Scribners.

ANATHEMA! By *Benjamin de Casseres*. Gotham Book Mart.

ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. By *Lucius Beebe*. Dunster House Bookshop.

CONSECRATIO MEDICI. By *Harvey Cushing*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

CLIO AND MR. CROCE. By *Allen Rogers Benham*. University of Washington.

A ROVER I WOULD BE. By *E. V. Lucas*. Dutton. $2.50.

BRITISH PROSE OF TODAY. Longmans, Green. $1.50.

THE TRIUMPH OF REALISM IN ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By *Willard Thorp*. Princeton University Press. $2.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. By *Royall H. Snow*. Covici-Friede. $3.

Biography

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE: A Biography of the Young Pretender. By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY. Day. 1928. $3.50.

This is a very readable book about a threadbare subject. Mr. Chidsey has evidently been at a good deal of pains to read the literature of his subject, "impressively dull books," "stuffed with dates and figures," and has set out to give us something better. His narrative has life and go to it, but he writes as a very young man to even younger men. It would be an excellent boy's book but for a certain flippancy and smartness. There may still be people who wish to read about the last of the Stuarts, to sing with tears, "Will ye no come back again, Charlie," but they are not many. Most readers will feel that Mr. Chidsey is a young writer of possible promise who ought to have better advice as to what to write about.

THE STAR OF PICCADILLY: Memoir of William Douglas, Fourth Duke of Queensberry K.T. (1725-1810). By LEWIS MELVILLE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $7.50.

It is hard to see any reason for this book. "Old Q" is best known to the world from Thackeray's portrait of him, and there was no need to take the picture down from the wall and put it into an historical frame. There is more history in honest fiction than in half the historical screeds. Mr. Lewis Melville has with no very hard labor collected out of ten or fifteen books a certain amount of information about one of the most noble rakes of the late eighteenth century. He has told us of his gaming, of his racing, and particularly of his amours. Although he gives twenty-six pages to a seduction story that is irrelevant to the narrative, a story taken from the Picadilly Ambulator (which he tells us no publisher would issue to-day and no library stock), and although he fills long chapters with the narratives of the Contesse Rena, the Tondino, the Zamparini, and Kitty Frederick, he fails to make any of these women either interesting or real. The book will disappoint those who desire the erotic and has little for others.

COMING UP THE ROAD: MEMORIES OF A NORTH COUNTRY BOYHOOD. By IRVING BACHELLER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $3.50.

Mr. Bacheller's chronicle of his early struggles, slow rise, and sudden success, has no charm of style and little of that quaint, if not very subtle, humor, which chiefly perhaps made the fortune of his two or three once immensely popular novels. The earlier part of the book is the more interesting—his boyhood on a farm in Northern New York, twenty-five miles from the St. Lawrence.

NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY. By WALTER GEER. Brentanos. 1928. $5.

LETIZIA BONAPARTE. By CLEMENT SHAW. Viking. 1928. $2.

Walter Geer is an American business man who has turned to a study of Napoleon's family as a relief or perhaps an antidote for his economic activities. The present

(*Continued on page 438*)

Do You Think The Solid South Is Really Smashed?

MOST people will not know until another good test comes along—say about 1932. But there can be little doubt about at least one of the factors in this section to-day—the changing economics of the South. From an almost exclusively agricultural region it is becoming one of the important industrial areas of the country. This is not a Chamber of Commerce ballyhoo, but a way of saying once more that if you want to understand the real significance of this charge, you must read the life story of the man most responsible for it:

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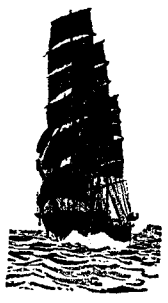

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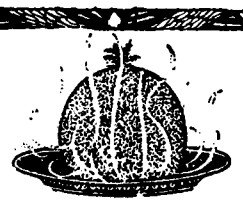

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This holy night of all the year,
But I pray detestable drink for them
That give no honor to Bethlehem."**

Hilaire Belloc, in

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from page* 436) . . . .

volume forms the second in a trilogy, and takes the history of Napoleon's family from 1809 to 1813, covering the period of Napoleon's greatest glory and the long decline leading to his fall. The author is to be praised for the care with which he treads the treacherous maze of his biographical anecdote, which has so often confused and led astray the less astute students of Napoleon. He treats the members of the Imperial Family as still component parts of a Corsican clan, mutually jealous, greedy for power, and a constant drain on the generosity and purse of their brother. Intrigue enough and to spare is present in these pages. The amorous escapades of Pauline, the grand passion of Hortense for the Comte de Flahaut, the ludicrous actions of Jerome upon the pasteboard throne of Westphalia, and many similar incidents serve to show how Napoleon was handicapped by his relatives.

The short sketch of Letizia Bonaparte—"Madame Mère" as she was officially termed, is a work of quite another character. It forms one in a series of biographies of representative women, although why the reflected glory of being the mother of Napoleon makes her representative of her era is not explained. As all must do who deal with any member of Napoleon's family the author has gone to the French historian Masson for much of his data. Unfortunately, however, he has, after the fashion of Ludwig, deserted the straight and narrow path of biography for the freer bounds of imagination. He has projected himself, so to speak, backwards, and, for the early years of his heroine's life during which information is lacking, he has supplied apocrypha of his own. Later on he has been able to supplement his own imagination with the even more vivid fancy of the memoirists. The whole book is a *mélange* of information, true and false, cemented together in the spuriously sprightly Ludwigian style. Its presentation in print is an enterprise of extremely doubtful value.

THE MANTLE OF CÆSAR. By FRIEDRICH GUNDOLF. Translated by J. W. HARTMANN. Macy-Masius. 1928. $5.

It has come to be a favorite diversion of the historical-minded to record the moods of past epochs by observing how each responded to a given idea. For a similar purpose essayists have noted what Chaucer, Chapman, Pope, and Gilbert Murray have respectively found in Homer, or how Plotinus, Dante, Spenser, and Emerson have read themselves into Plato. Virginia Woolf has now invented a new mirror in the form of a longevous phantasm. In the "Mantle of Cæsar" Gundolf uses the successive interpretations of Cæsar partly for the same purpose, partly for a complete record of such interpretations.

Cæsar has been a world figure so long that he serves the purpose exceedingly well, and the book—abounding in penetrating judgments—will find its way to historians, psychologists, and literary critics alike. The political power of the Cæsar myth during the late Roman Empire and the fascination of the emperor-magician for the medieval mind are quite as interesting as the diverse portraits of Cæsar found in Petrarch, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Goethe, and a hundred others. But the author has done too much or too little. For most of us he has included too many insignificant writers—his compass is astounding—, while specialists will fail to find the explicit references which they may need. In fact, the book—except for its naïve index—gives the impression of a revised dissertation stylized for the best-seller shelf.

THE DIARIES OF SYLVESTER DOUGLASS (LORD GLENBERVIE). Edited by FRANCIS BICKLEY. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. 1928. $12.50.

Some portions of the Glenbervie diaries were published by Walter Sichel in 1910. Since then more have turned up and are here published, not *in toto*, but rather fully.

Lord Glenbervie began his diary in 1793 when, at fifty, he had embarked upon a political career and no doubt dreamed of great things. His hopes were far from realized. He won government posts as important as those held at a later time by another diarist, Greville, and had a similar position in the great world of London, yet what he tells us is by no means so significant. Like Greville, he missed little of the gossip, and, in Glenbervie's time, it was scandalous gossip that touched many men and almost all women of social importance. All things political and literary interested him, and at dinners he met those who could tell him the latest on such matters. But they did not always tell him; he found Pitt, for example, singularly reserved. Glenbervie was not so skilful at picking up those political secrets that were always, in another time, being confided to Greville.

Yet he learned much that was interesting and historians of politics, of literature, and of the world of fashion will have to refer to his pages. For most of us, it will be sufficient that there is a good index and that, if we are curious, we can come upon stories of George Selwyn, incredible scandal about Ben Franklin, and anecdotes about David Hume. The description of Lord Glenbervie's many continental sojourns and of Anglo-French society in Paris are among the most interesting parts of the book.

Mr. Francis Bicklie has done his editing well; his footnotes are to the point, and there are not too many nor too few.

SHAPES THAT PASS, MEMORIES OF OLD DAYS. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $4.

The memories which Mr. Hawthorne records are all of his boyhood and later youth in England. Either his memory is extraordinarily retentive or his note books must be very full. He has the gift of vivid portraiture. For instance: Mrs. Browning, "a tiny lady in black, fine as an insect, immense eyes burning through thick black curls, flaming with moral convictions, vibrating with ideals, nervously smiling through a mouth so large no portrait painter dared to be truthful about it, tiny hands that gripped like humming birds claws:"—Or "Anthony Trollope in his successful, glowing, gusty, gesticulating old age; a hearty, wholesome, ruddy being with a furious white beard and explosive speech, he glowed, a conversational store." There is little or no sequence in the volume, but it is readable, and even memorable by reason of these swift portrait sketches.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRICS. By MORRIS BISHOP. Minton Balch Co. 1928. $3.50.

Several of Mr. Bishop's eccentrics are familiar to readers of any general reading. The first is Elagobolus of the third century, a precocious boy emperor and byword for joyful and elaborate iniquity; and the last Richard Porson, eminent Grecian and drunkard, who died in 1908. Lorenzo da Ponte is familiar through a recent life of him by Mr. J. L. Russo; he flourished as a Venetian gallant when Venice was "the masque of Italy," wrote librettos for Mozart, and died in New York in 1832 at the age of ninety. So, too, with Bamfylde-Moore Coreu, king of the gypsies, and Edward Wortley Montagu, the queer son of the odd Lady Mary. Duke Mazarin appears in a volume published a year or two ago on the nieces of the great cardinal, and De Choisy in another on the subject of men who dressed up as women.

Brusquet, buffoon, and postmaster to Henri II; Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the valiant dwarf who by virtue of his size lived well in the courts of the Stuarts; and Van Helmont, the seventeenth century Dutch chemist and alchemist—these three were characters but vaguely known before to the present writer. Bartholomew Roberts, the pirate, was not known at all. Sir Thomas Urquhart's marvelous translation of Rabelais always suggests that he must have been a character, or how could he have rendered Rabelais into English as boisterous, fantastic, and immoderate as Rabelais's French? Mr. Bishop handles his material quite reasonably well, and succeeds in communicating something of his own enjoyment of his collected eccentrics.

THE LIFE OF MICHELANGELO. By *John Addington Symonds*. Modern Library.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK. By *Lady Cynthia Asquith*. Lippincott. $3.

PERSONALITIES OF ANTIQUITY. By *Arthur Weigall*. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

LIFE IN LETTERS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Edited by *Mildred Howells*. Doubleday, Doran. 2 vols.

THE WORLD I SAW. By *Anne Shannon Monroe*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

WOLFGANG AMALE MOZART. Harpers. $2.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COLLEY CIBBER. By *Dorothy Senior*. Henkle. $5.

"CAP'N GEORGE FRED." By *Captain George Fred Tilton*. Doubleday, Doran. $4 net.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR. Brentanos. $4.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL. By *Catherine Mackenzie*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EARL. By *Ellen Louise Bigelow*. Marshall Jones. $4.

SCHUBERT, THE MAN. By *Oscar Bie*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD VII. By *W. H. Edwards*. Dodd, Mead.

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MY WAR MEMOIRS. By *Eduard Benes*. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.
INDUSTRIAL EXPLOYERS. By *Maurice Holland*. Harpers. $3.
GREAT SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF THE WORLD. Edited by *Barrett H. Clark*. McBride. $5 net.
SELECTED LETTERS OF BYRON. Edited by *V. H. Collins*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
THE BLANKENBURGS OF PHILADELPHIA. By *Lucretia L. Blankenburg*. Winston.
DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Vol. I. Abbe to Barrymore. Edited by *Allen Johnson*. Scribners.
TINKER AND THINKER: JOHN BUNYAN. By *William Hamilton Nelson*. Willett, Clark & Colby. $1.50.
NAPOLEON THE MAN. By *Dmitri Merezhkovsky*. Dutton. $3.
THE LIFE OF MOSES. By *Edmond Fleg*. Dutton. $3.
STRICTLY PRIVATE. By *Maurice Chidickel*. Stratford. $2.50.
DOOMED SHIP. By *Judd Gray*. Liveright. $2.
BACK TRAILERS FROM THE MIDDLE BORDER. By *Hamlin Garland*. Macmillan. $2.50.
MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS. By *Henry Munroe Rogers*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
THE TRAGIC EMPRESS. By *Maurice Paléologue*. Harpers. $3.50.
MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN. By *Katherine Helm*. Harpers. $4.
AGNOLO BRONZINO. By *Arthur McComb*. Harvard University Press. $7.50.
THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY. By *Florence Emily Hardy*. Macmillan. $5.
THE DIARY OF PHILIP VON NEUMANN. Translated and edited by *E. Beresford Chancellor*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.
THE MASTER. By *Walter Russell Bowie*. Scribners. $2.50.
THE LIFE AND TRAGEDY OF ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA. By *Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden*. Longmans, Green. $7.50.
THE UNKNOWN SANCTUARY. By *Aimé Pallière*. Bloch.

Drama

THE WORLD TO PLAY WITH. By ASHLEY DUKES. Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Quite properly Ashley Dukes's collection of theatre essays is dedicated "to Edward Gordon Craig." Quite properly because that dedication serves to indicate more clearly to American readers than does the chaste precision of Mr. Dukes's style, the rôle of courageous revolutionary he has played and is playing in the modern English theatre. Against the reactionaries of the British stage, the stand-patters who have frowned on all that the so-called New Movement stood for, who have left Craig in Italy when his great gifts should have been used at home, and who have never wavered in their dogmatic conviction that the playwright and the actor were the only important figures in the contemporary theatre, Mr. Dukes has waged a sober, analytical, but persistent warfare.

Writing with but little of that fire which reduces most enthusiasts to incoherence, and always the detached master of himself and his idea, Mr. Dukes shows on every page how open is his mind and how independent his spirit. He is anxious to reappraise the arts of the theatre in terms of what the happenings of the recent years have brought to them. He is willing to make his pilgrimage to Salzburg and is able to accept what is stimulating as well as reject what is tasteless in Reinhard's work. Though the essays, most of which have appeared in *Theatre Arts Monthly* of which Mr. Dukes is an asociate editor, read easily and prod the mind to a new questioning even while they are richly informative, they have a sketchy incompleteness which makes one wish they had been written instead of scenario-ed. But as curtain-raisers to such subjects as "The Painted Actor," "The Mask of Comedy," "Words in the Theatre," "Stage Directions," "Play Translation," and "Dramatic Prefaces" they are both helpful and stimulating. The pity is that they are not sufficiently developed to be important.

THE ART OF PLAYWRITING. By a variety of authors. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.
THE PLAYS OF NOEL COWARD. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.
THE ART OF PLAY PRODUCTION. By *John Dolman, Jr.* Harpers. $3.50.
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1927-1928. Edited by *Burns Mantle*. Dodd, Mead. $3.
A FAMILY AFFAIR. By *L. Magruder Passano*. Four Seas.
NINE SHORT PLAYS. By *Jagendorf*. Macmillan. $2.50.
THE ANGEL THAT TROUBLED THE WATERS. By *Thornton Wilder*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
OLYMPIA. By *Ferenc Molnar*. English text by *Sidney Howard*. Brentanos. $2.
HOW TO WRITE A PLAY. By *St. John Ervine*. Macmillan. $1.75.
STAGE LIGHTING. By *C. H. Ridge*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
COSMOS LIMITED. By *Mary Keyt Isham*. Neale. $2.
COUNTY GOVERNMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA. By *Paul Woodford Wager*. University of North Carolina Press.
YANKEE FANTASIES. By *Percy MacKaye*. French. $1.50.
SHIFTING SCENES By *Hallie Flanagan*. Coward-McCann. $3.50.
THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR. By *Paul Raynal*. Translated by *Cecil Lewis*. Century. $2.50.

Education

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF SPEECH TRAINING. By *Elizabeth Avery, Jane O'Dorsey*, and *Vera A. Sickels*. Appleton. $3.
CHARACTER BUILDING IN COLLEGES. By *W. A. Harper*. Abingdon. $1.50.
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HELDEN DES ALLTAGS. By *Ernst Zahn*. Edited by *Erwin T. Mohme*. Crofts. $1.25.
LE JEU DE L'AMOUR ET DE LA MORT. By *Romain Rolland*. Edited by *Albert Douglas Menuet* and *Dwight Ingersoll Chapman*. Century. $1.25.
THE DAWN OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By *William L. Nida*. Macmillan. $1.28.
PLAYING THE GAME. Edited by *Sarah McLean Mullen* and *Muriel Simpson Lang*. Century. $1.12.
MODERN PRINCIPLES AND THE ELEMENTARY TEACHERS' TECHNIQUE. By *Charles Elmer Holley*. Century. $2.

Fiction

THE IMPERIAL DRAGON. By JUDITH GAUTIER. Translated by M. H. BOURCHIER. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $2.50.

With the elaborate color and pattern of an eastern tapestry, Judith Gautier has woven her tale of "The Imperial Dragon." This daughter of Théophile Gautier inherited something of her father's artistry with words and much of his concern with the intricacies of prose. She belongs artistically to her father's generation. The elaborate and the unreal, the passionate and the evanescent, glow, dim, and glow again through the tale lately translated for English readers by M. H. Bourchier. Those who remember Judith Gautier's Chinese lyrics will find "The Imperial Dragon" reminiscent of their cadenced, patterned, almost stilted fantasy.

VATHEK. By WILLIAM BECKFORD. Illustrated by MAHLON BLAINE. John Day. 1928. $5.

This new edition of Beckford's classic romance bears an introduction by Ben Ray Redman, whose comment upon author and book is interesting and enlightened. For Mr. Blaine's style in the illustrations we cannot greatly care. Yet the drawings do sometimes attain a phantasmagoric magnificence in keeping with the story.

WAY FOR A SAILOR! By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN. Century. 1928. $2.50.

Here is an elemental novel of the sea. It is narrated in the first person by Jack Lassan a red-corpuscled hero, and is a chronicle of his life from his first putting to sea as a deck boy of fourteen to the day when he is homeward bound at twenty-three, "his Lucy and his first mate's ticket before him."

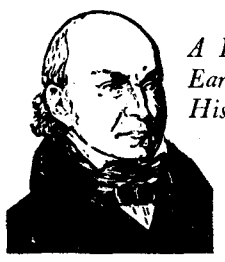
The book is written in flowing, discursive manner that makes for easy reading. And occasionally the author paints a truly unforgettable picture of the sea—but that is about all that can be said for the novel.

WHEN THEY LOVE. By MAURICE BARING. Doubleday, Doran. 1028. $2.50

This is a novel for a mood. It is as perfect and as iridescent as a bubble but shares the bubble's fragility and the closedness of its circle. Browning's "A Light Woman" furnishes the theme for "When They Love," the novel following the poem even to giving the eagle his fame in the world and the wren his maiden face. The preface, for whatever purpose, says that were the biography of Maurice Baring written this novel would supply "a missing fragment and an unguessed chapter." It seems that Baring left in his will instructions for the story to be published after his death, partly, according to his own words, to explain his conduct to a friend, and partly to serve as a warning to the well-meaning. To these two futile and gratuitous causes, apparently, the public owes the delight of this idyll of the light woman who belonged to Heine's race of Asra "who die when they love."

The trio for the little drama are three English people in Naples—an author of middle age who tells the story, the beautiful Jenny True of the many, many love affairs, and the young artist who is to be saved by the author from his ruinous infatuation for the light woman. The tragedy of this well-meaning interference comes through the death of Jenny, Jenny who seemed to give all she had with both hands and pervaded a room like a silvery mist. For through all her *petits amours* Jenny had never loved. The brutality and ugliness of finding the man who finally brought love to her to be merely the savior of a friend make like a sordid gift that can only be refused—for this light woman differs from Browning's in that she takes the problem out of the eagle's hand, is no late-basking pear to be eaten or dropped at his whim.

(*Continued on next page*)



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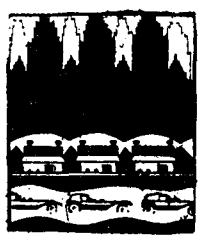

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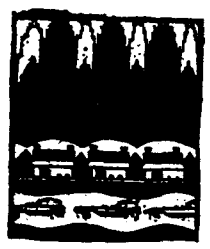

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

A COUPLE OF QUICK ONES. By ERIC HATCH. McBride. 1928. $1.75.

Mr. Hatch has been a recent discovery of the periodical *College Humor*. We are told that he is a broker, a writer of articles on sport, an amateur steeplechase rider, and so on. Years ago "Billie Baxter's Letters" was a small funny book that sold with a briskness that almost put it into the Anita Loos class—for those days, we mean, and comparatively speaking. Hatch's "A Couple of Quick Ones" has nothing in common with the style of that ancient classic, but it rushes through the smart life of to-day somewhat in the way that Billie Baxter ran over the popular recreations of his own time. It is a story, of course, with a plot, told as a diary. And the writer doesn't seem able to distinguish between "infer" and "imply." A sample? "It inferred that, well, he practically would own it if it wasn't so public." But in spite of this he tells a rather human story of a considerable drinker who is at first shot with bad luck and then with good. In spite, also, of some of the up-to-date epithets and expressions in the story it is really just a sweet old sentimental thing underneath. Some of the humor is quite humorous. We took quite a fancy to the hero of the yarn, also, before we were through. This is an "idle hour" book of mild entertainment. But don't read it if you're thirsty.

OUT OF THE SILENCE. By ERLE COX. Henkle. 1928. $2.

That superlatively successful romancer, H. Rider Haggard, would have been proud to write "Out of the Silence." This novel by Erle Cox, an Australian writer hitherto unknown in the United States, more than holds its own in comparison, say, with "She" or "King Solomon's Mines." It is a 1928 version of a familiar product, and succeeds in getting about as far ahead of the earlier style as the new Ford is ahead of the good old "Model T." Mr. Cox has taken the notion of the discovery of a lost civilization, decked it out with all the paraphernalia of modern science and modern thinking, and made the result as fascinating and plausible as fairy stories were to us in our most impressionable youth. In short, "Out of the Silence" is great stuff—persuasive, exciting, ingenious. We wonder who could be so filled with sawdust as not to be carried away by its startling virtuosity.

The exploits of Dundas as he descends into the museum of the lost world are wholly plausible; his adventures are of course essentially preposterous, but we quite definitely do not care. We swallow them hook, line, and sinker, and race through the pages for more. Here the Haggard tradition is most noticeable, and we are also reminded of Swift's diabolical ingenious devices to make "Gulliver's Travels" credible. Mr. Cox sends his story through the commonplaces into the impossibilities without the faintest jar at the articulations.

A COMMON CHEAT. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Anyone who knows the writings of Sophia Cleugh knows that her characters derive no benefit from the eight hour labor law They are active at least twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. They have to be, to keep out of the way of the plot. Continents and kidnappings are alike part of the daily round to Mrs. Cleugh. "The Common Cheat" tells the story of a pretty English companion who pursues the uneven tenor of her way mostly in Tangiers—which gives the author the properly thrilling background for her vigorous pen. After a pseudo-engagement with an Englishman, a temporary engagement with a French baron, and incidental adventures too numerous to catalogue, the pretty companion is allowed her heart's desire—the heir of a great Moorish chief as husband.

THE TANNAHILL TANGLE. By CAROLYN WELLS. Lippincott. 1928. $2.

This carelessly put-together detective story deals with our old friend murder-in-the-practically-hermetically-sealed-room. Jim and Kathleen were found murdered in the locked library, with Jim's wife and Kathleen's husband hiding in the adjoining book room. Then a girl nobody knew was found sleeping in somebody's bed, and after a while she ran away in a man's clothes. There was a footprint on the roof, too. The reasons for these things turned out to be pretty preposterous. Most of the people in the book are detective-story readers and they spend a lot of time talking about detective stories, which is bad enough, but their dialogue reaches its real depths when they indulge in what is supposed to be sophisticated banter. Toward the end, as usual, Fleming Stone is brought in, and clears things up by means of new developments and of clues that the reader hasn't been told about. It is all quite fourth rate.

THE SHADOWY THING. By H. B. DRAKE. Macy-Masius. 1928.

The publishers of this novel challenge for it comparison with Bram Stoker's "Dracula." Frankly, it is not another "Dracula," though it has moments that induce gooseflesh, and is superior in its phantasmagorias to the general run of horror stories. The diabolical influence of Avery is traced through the pursuit of three of his victims, Gaveston, Katrina, and Olave. Katrina alone survives his black magic and is finally united to her Dick, who tells the story. Dick's sister, Blanche, who battles against the hounding of hell to the end (and much more efficiently than any of the men of the story, who appear stupid and clumsy by comparison), finally pays for her efforts with her death. Some of the climaxes of the horror are rather too much the "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" type of thing to give a true thrill to the more mature. The illusion cannot be said to be sustained with the art of a master. There is also an old-fashioned flavor to the telling. It is possible that, were we reading this story for the first time at the age of thirteen, we should vote it a rattling good yarn that had half-scared the wits out of us. It is also possible that, did we re-read "Dracula" today, instead of sustaining impressions of it from some twenty-five or thirty years back, we should find it to have gone somewhat "flat." The impressionable last years of one's schooling are, after all, the period when tales of the super-natural exert the deepest influence. We feel that Algernon Blackwood does such stories better for adults. Yet this book is worthy of a place on such shelves as you have devoted to a department of fiction in which it is most difficult truly to excel. Mr. Drake has a vivid imagination and there are moments when his narrative is intensely alive.

APPLAUSE. By BETH BROWN. Liveright. 1928. $2.

The private life of a Queen of Burlesque offers promising material for a novel. The ladies who lent allure to "The Black Crook" and similar tights-employing dramas of an earlier day must have thought thoughts and lived lives between the fall and the rise of the curtain. And no one has yet told us much about these thoughts or lives. Beth Brown in "Applause" aims to do just this. She has all the ingredients necessary for an exposé of life behind the asbestos drop of burlesque. The jacket has no reticence about mentioning Garter Night, Stag Show, Undress Numbers, and even bursts into an adjectival definition of burlesque as "crude, rude, raw, red hot, and spicy." Once inside the covers, however, it is a horse of another color.

This story of Kitty Darling, the big-hipped, big-bosomed honey blonde drips with sentimentality. The noble heartedness of the noble hearted, the innocence of the innocent, and the villany of the villainous passeth all understanding. Since the author was on the stage long before her kindergarten days and has written for the theatre for years one takes it for granted that she has gathered her material from "life." But incidents merely because they actually happened and people simply because one knew them do not make a novel. Flashes of characterization and bits of anecdote have reality in "Applause," but it falls apart for lack of definite conception.

THE WRIST MARK. By J. S. FLETCHER. Knopf. 1928. $2.

Colonel Martin James Engleden, archæologist and ex-governor of Southmoor Convict Prison, is found dead, murdered, at Barrowsburg. Barrowsburg is a Yorkshire town equipped with all the antiquities of which Mr. Fletcher is fond, including some of those secret passages so plentifully begot by the wars in Charles the First's time. The probabilities are that Colonel Engleden has been done in by a former tenant of Southmoor. The murdered man's nephew brings an ex-warden to Barrowsburg to hunt for ex-convicts. The ex-warden is promptly murdered. More people are murdered before the mystery is cleared up. None of it is as exciting as it should have been, though the book will no doubt do well enough for confirmed Fletcher addicts. A typographical error—the transposition of nine and eight in a five-pound note's number—hashes up one of the minor clues.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

H. M. G., Waterloo, Iowa, asks if there is a novel with Mme. Jumel for the central figure, beginning with her early girlhood and following her through her association with Burr.

"THE Golden Ladder," by Rupert Hughes (Harper), which is said to be reliable in its statements, takes this energetic person from her blowsy beginnings in New England—where I could never find a tablet to her memory in her native town—to her bedizened old age at Saratoga Springs and on the heights of New York City. It is three years or more since I read it on its appearance, and I have still a fairly good idea of the events of her career, and an even better one of the amiable and disillusioned Stephen Jumel. It must have been a bright book to keep throwing light at this distance.

D. F. K., Dedham, Mass., asks for a book or two about South America, published within the year, to add to the equipment of a study club.

"IF You Go to South America," by Harry L. Foster (Dodd, Mead), is a general guide-book to the continent that may also be used for a study-guide by travel-clubs. It makes a good preliminary or accompaniment to a tour. The author has included some material from a former work, "A Tropical Tramp with the Tourists" (Dodd, Mead), in which his experiences as a shepherd to such a flock are set down, and the whole book would not come amiss to a travel-club. Another book for such reading is "South America Looks at the United States," by C. H. Haring (Macmillan). If the club wishes more thorough documentation, for reference, there is a new book on "Commerce of South America," by C. F. Jones (Ginn).

"Two scholarly friends told me last year in Spain," says A. B. T., Cambridge, Mass., "of having seen notices of a book on the subject 'Sir Francis Drake in Spanish Literature'." Libraries and booksellers cannot trace it, however.

I CANNOT find it in any American or British catalogue that I have seen. There is the British Museum's "Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World, 1577-1580" (Oxford), and "The Story of Early English Travel and Discovery," by A. W. Sears (Harrap), and E. F. Benson's "Sir Francis Drake" (Harper), whose titles I set down because I have been several times this summer asked for books about this hero, and other readers may be interested as well as those I answered by mail. But for information on a book about references to Drake in Spanish literature I must depend upon some reader of this department.

E. K. K., Saranac Lake, N. Y., is interested in Sicily, and in the course of much reading has not found in a single volume a résumé of the various periods of its history. Also he asks if the "Castellanaria" of Henry Festing Jones, to which I ocasionally and feelingly refer, is a separate book, or only the two chapters under that title in Jones's "Diversions in Sicily."

"THE History of Sicily," by E. A. Freeman (Oxford, Clarendon Press), is from the earliest times, but not in one volume: it takes four to cover so long and so varied a life. F. Marion Crawford's "Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, Malta" (Macmillan), goes but part of the way in two volumes. "The History of the Province of Sicily," by Elsie S. Jenison (Colonial Press), is a doctorate thesis in Political Science. "Vistas in Sicily," by A. S. Riggs (McBride), and "A Student in Sicily" (Dodd, Mead) blend travel records with historical information. "Mediæval Sicily," by Cecilia Waern (Duckworth), is a series of short essays on life and art in the Middle Ages, arranged in chronological sequence.

I owe to the second question the discovery that the chief characters in Jones's 'Castellanaria" (which is a book by itself) appear also in his "Diversions in Sicily" and in the comparatively recent addition to this group, "Mount Eryx and Other Diversions of Travel," published by Cape. My book comes between these two, and it is only in my book that the description may be found of those miniature houses built on the order of a *crêche* or *putz*, or that of the famous dish composed of cuttlefish and the insides of fowls whose repeated appearance blighted part of a Jonesian holiday.

E. H. F., Lynchburg, Va., asks for collections of essays for a high school library that will not only serve as inspirations for composition, but so interest younger readers by their subject matter and style as to induce the habit of essay-reading for pleasure.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S two collections of "Modern Essays" (Harcourt, Brace) by various authors have been the means of effecting these results in many high schools in the comparatively short time that they have been before the public. There now comes, to the delight of all Morleyites, a fine fat volume of his own "Essays" (Doubleday, Doran), the choicest pickings of previous collections, one of those blessed books in which you come continually upon something loved and believed lost. It is a book likely to be continually in use in a library like this.

A new collection with unusually varied and valuable entries is "Essays of To-day, 1926-1927" (Century), edited by Odell Shepard (author of "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals") and Robert Hillyer the poet. This makes an informal record of contemporary thought in America. Its attraction for the younger reader may be inferred from subjects like "To Youngsters of Easy Means," by A. J. Nock; "Classics on the Farm," by Walter Prichard Eaton; "Football," by A. S. Dashiell; and there is one by Dr. Canby on "Traveling Intelligently in America." Dr. Canby is the editor of "Harper Essays" (Harper), another of the collection in which one recovers remembered favorites, this time from *Harper's Magazine*. Here is the first form of Arnold Bennett's "Your United States"; Professor Genung's beautiful dog-story, "My Lowly Teacher," and twenty others, many near enough to stories to hold a reader with objections to anything without "pictures or conversation." "Contemporary Essays," edited by William T. Hastings (Houghton Mifflin), is a mosaic of modern life as it is lived in America and England, and as it is observed in other countries by English-speaking travellers. The names of Max Beerbohm, George Santayana, Aldous Huxley, Don Marquis, A.E., Logan Pearsall Smith, Virginia Woolf, Havelock Ellis, T. S. Eliot, give an idea of the range. This collection will have more appeal to readers more mature, though it has examples of the work of several of the heroes of the younger generation.

These are all collections of recent, or at least comparatively recent, essays; the anthology, edited by Louis Wann, "Century Readings in the English Essay" (Century) presents the entire development of this form of literature not only through a long list of representative examples, but in an introductory study, "The Development of the Essay in English." It may thus be used as a text-book for schools or home study, or as a source of entertainment. Indeed a reader who must consider shelf-space should bear in mind that a good collection of essays has a caloric-content unsurpassed for its bulk—which makes me take one on a train journey in preference to a novel. "On Writing Essays," by Helen L. Paddock and Sarah A. Tainter (Macmillan), is a compact little manual with exercises and a set of examples for study. It goes at the essay by way of point of view, unity, concrete illustrations, finding material in personal experience and in nature, construction—with illustrations from student essays—the beginning and the end, each with practice material. It should be a help to teacher and pupil.

"Essaying the Essay," a book for the training of writers, by Burges Johnson (Little, Brown), has chapters for teachers with suggestions on class-room methods and ten suggestions and inspiring talks with students on matters ranging from quotations and the personal pronoun to the history of the essay. The types chosen run from Montaigne to Morley. The tone of these talks is so happy that reading the book is a delight.

M. S., Westfield, N. Y., comes to the rescue of old favorites:

"I HAVE read with interest E. O. J.'s request for information about books by Frederick A. Ober. Though I am not sure

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of the author, the description of 'The Silver City' sounds like a story I read and reread in the *Wide Awake* years ago. Its sub-title was, I think, 'Cacique John,' and the sequel was 'Montezuma's Silver(?) Mines.'

"Ever since that reader in Stokes blessed modern youngsters by resurrecting Julian Hawthorne's 'Rumpty Dudget's Tower,' I have been threatening to write and ask her if she would not get on the trail of some of the other lost tales that my sister and I used to enjoy in the old bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*. It may be that they would not stand the test of grown-up rereading, but the memory of them still thrills. It was the habit of the publishers of *Wide Awake* to publish each serial in two parts; hence Ober's two titles for what was really one story. Another such story appearing in the same magazine was 'Old Caravan Days' with its sequel 'On Indiana Roads.' I should like very much to know if they are as good as they seemed to me when I read them years ago. If they are they should be put on the market again."

P. K. T., Hollywood, Cal., is so fond of the writings of Logan Pearsall Smith that he would like to know more about him as a man, "for instance, how old he is, where he lives."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY tells me that there is an essay all about Pearsall Smith in his "Shandygaff," now in the Star Dollar Books. He might also have said that it is in the collected volume of Morley's "Essays" (Doubleday, Doran) lately published—the essay in question is "Trivia"—and this question was the cause of my taking the greater part of an afternoon, at the height of the book review season, for the satisfaction of reading the whole volume through, big as it is. For there is nothing sweeter than sitting down with your back to a young mountain of books you ought to read, and guzzling down one that you want to read. Deplorable as this habit may sound, it is the basis of my usefulness to this department.

J. R. A. B., Huntington, W. Va., asks for books on investments, helpful in understanding current financial conditions.

I AM no financial advisor, but these are said to be sound and conservative, and I have found them intelligible. "The Common Sense of Money and Investments," by Merryle S. Rukeyser (Simon & Schuster), to which the same author has lately added "Financial Advice to a Young Man," which covers many matters important to a beginner at making and saving money. "Fundamentals of Investment," edited by S. O. Rice (Shaw), "How to Get Ahead Financially," by William A. Schnedler (Harper). "Forecasting Business Conditions," Hardy and Cox (Macmillan). "Hints about Investments," an English publication (Nash and Gray). Two little volumes from Macmillan just added to this brief list: "Profits in Insurance Stocks," by W. H. Woodward, whose "Profits in Bank Stocks" I might have added to the list above; and a history and description of the various types of one of the latest developments in our finance, "Investment Trusts in America," by Marshall H. Williams.

T. H. G., Indianapolis, Ind., asks for a book as a gift to a radio fan, and for one on tennis for an ambitious amateur.

THINGS change so rapidly in the radio world, why not send him "The Electric Word: the Rise of Radio," by Paul Schubert (Macmillan), a history from the discovery of the Herzian waves to the present day? Its feature is the interweaving of science, business, politics, and diplomacy that radio has made possible. As for tennis, Helen Wills not only writes but illustrates her "Tennis" (Scribner), which combines advice to the beginner with reminiscences of famous players. Betty Nuthall, the sixteen-year-old girl who means so much to British tennis, has a pleasant and useful book called "Learning Tennis" (Duffield), good reading for beginners or older hands. "Lacoste on Tennis" (Morrow) has an introduction by William T. Tilden, who says that Réné Lacoste knows more about how to play the leading tennis stars than anyone living: this fascinating book is a personal record of how they play.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLE ISLAND. By *H. G. Wells*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
GHOST HOUSE. By *Condé B. Pallen*. Manhattanville Press.
THE PRIESTESSES OF THE HILLS. By *Susan Fontaine Sawyer*. Boston: Meader.
FOUR DUCKS ON A POND. By *Ruth Sawyer*. Harpers. $2.
STAMPEDE. By *L. de G. Sieveking*. Brentanos. $2.50.
THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
THE SWORD OF HATE. By *Susan Buchan*. Houghon Mifflin. $4.
KONTROL. By *Edmund Snell*. Lippincott. $2.
UNDER THE YEW. By *Robert Nichols*. Covici, Friede. $2.
A MAID AND A MILLION MEN. By *James G. Dunton*. Sears. $2.
BOSTON. By *Sinclair Lewis*. 2 vols. Boni. $5.
STRANGE FRUITS. By *Phyllis Bottome*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
LILY CHRISTIE. By *Michael Arlen*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
DEPARTURE. By *Roland Dorgelis*. Simon & Schuster.
THE FATHER. By *Katharine Holland Brown*. Day. $2 net.
CHURCHILL STREET. By *Mildred Wasson*. Coward-McCann. $2.
THE VAN BECK WILL. By *Henry Wynans Jessup*. Neale. $2.
LOST SPIRITUALS. By *Lily Young Cohen*. Neale.
SOME MEN AND WOMEN. By *Marie Belloc Lowndes*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1928. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
A BOOK OF MODERN SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Dorothy Brewster*. Macmillan.
THE CLOWN PRINCE. By *Maurice Dekobra*. Payson & Clarke. $1.50.
STRIDE OF MAN. By *Thames Williamson*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
CINDERELLA'S GARDEN. By *W. McNeile Dixon*. Oxford.
MURDER ISLAND. By *Wyndham Martyn*. McBride. $2 net.
THEY SAILED ON A FRIDAY. By *T. C. Paynter*. Longmans, Green. $2.
THE COAST OF INTRIGUE By *Whitman Chambers*. Henkle. $2.
THE CORPSE THE BRIDGE. By *Charles Barry*. Dutton. $2.
THE INTRUDER. By *Vincente Blasco-Ibanez*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE MEN OF SILENCE. By *Louis Forgione*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE. By *Bravig Imbs*. Dial. $2.50.
THE FUNNY BONE. Designed by *Cynthia Asquith*. Scribners. $2.
PRIVATE SUHREN. By *Georges von der Vring*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE DEVIL'S COCKTAIL. By *Alexander Wilson*. Longmans, Green. $2.
LOVERS OF THE MARKET PLACE. By *Richard Dehan*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
THE REBEL GENERATION. By *Jo Van Ammers-Kuller*. Dutton. $2.50.
I SAW IT MYSELF. By *Henri Barbusse*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE CRIME OF DR. GARINE. By *Boris Sokoloff*. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
MARTHE AND THE MADMAN. By *Jean de Bosschère*. Covici-Friede. $3.
UNDINE. By *Olive Schreiner*. Harper. $2.50.
THE MAD PROFESSOR. By *Hermann Sudermann*. Liveright. 2 vols. $5.
THE GREAT FABLES. Edited by *Manuel Komroff*. Dial. $5.
WITS' END. By *Viola Paradise*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE MURDERS IN SURREY WOOD. By *John Arnold*. Dutton.
IN CABINS AND SOD-HOUSES. By *Thomas H. Macbride*. Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa.
THROUGH BEDS OF STONE. By *M. L. Haskins*. Knopf. $3.
THE SACRED FLAME. By *W. Somerset Maugham*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS. By *Irving Bacheller*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
ALADDIN. By *John Kettelwell*. Knopf. $4.
THE YELLOW PRIMROSE. By *Joan Young*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

History

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH CIVILIZATION. By *Esmé Wingfield-Stratford*. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $12.
EVANGELIZED AMERICA. By *Grover C. Lord*. Dial. $4.
PILGRIMS, INDIANS AND PATRIOTS. By *Randolph G. Adams*. Little, Brown. $3 net.
CHIVALRY. Edited by *Edgar Prestage*. Knopf. $6.
ENGLAND IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY. By *G. B. Harrison*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
INTERCOLONIAL ASPECTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION. By *Michael Kraus*. Columbia University Press. $4.
THE TRANSIT OF EGYPT. By *P. G. Elgood*. Longmans, Green. $7.50.
THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE. By *George W. Wrong*. Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN FRONTIER. By *William Christie Malleod.* Knopf.
THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION. By *Charles Warren.* Little, Brown. $6 net.
EUROPE. By *Raymond Leslie Buell.* Macmillan. $2.50.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN IDEAL. By *Albert Léon Grérard.* Scribners. $4.50.
THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. Edited by *Samuel Flagg Bemis.* Vol VII. Knopf.
A HISTORY OF THE FAR EAST IN MODERN TIMES. By *Harold M. Vinacke.* Knopf.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

FROLICS WITH UNCLE YULE. By A. HUGH FISHER. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1928. $2.

The pastime of a distinguished English etcher and poet, here is a book of pictures that were actually sent to a small boy in daily letters. The very haste with which they were evidently drawn makes them delightful, preserves the spontaneity which is their chief charm. We can recommend the "Frolics" to the younger children. Mr. Fisher draws lovely animals, birds, and fishes, and develops most amusing ideas concerning them.

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH. Edited by *Rose Fyleman.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO. By *Alexandre Dumas.* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.
LITTLE OTIS. By *Cora B. Millay.* Norton. $2.
JACK AND SUSAN STORIES. By *Frances M. Darby.* Macmillan. 80 cents.
THE BLUENOSE EXPRESS. By *Zillah K. Macdonald.* Appleton. $1.50.
THE CHILDREN SING IN THE FAR WEST. By *Mary Austin.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.
MR. AND MRS. BEANS. By *Robert L. Dickey.* Stokes. $2.
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By *Vernon Quinn.* Stokes. $2.50.
GREAT MOMENTS IN EXPLORING. By *Marion Lansing.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
THE STORY OF FIRE. By *Walter Hough.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE. By *Harold Dearden.* Cosmopolitan. $1.25.
IGLOO TALES FROM ESKIMO LAND. By *Renée Coudert Riggs.* Stokes. $1.
THE FORTUNES OF JOHN HAWK. By *Grace Macgowan Cooke.* Century. $2.
NUMBER SIX JOY STREET. Appleton. $2.50.
THE SEAL OF THE WHITE BUDDHA. By *Hawthorne Daniel.* Coward-McCann. $2.
ANCIENT AND MODERN DOLLS. By *Gwen White.* Macmillan.
WHERE WAS BOBBY? By *Marguerite Clément.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
TWENTY-ONE NURSERY RHYMES. By *Margaret Shipton.* Knopf. $2.
SING IT YOURSELF. By *Dorothy Gordon.* Dutton. $3.50.

Miscellaneous

THE CLIPPER SHIP. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

The era of the clipper ship is gone. The era of writing about it appears to have come to stay. What with fiction and fact it is a poor home library that boasts fewer than half a dozen volumes touching on the clipper. We are as familiar with the *Flying Cloud* as with a motor car which borrows its name; the *James Baines* is better known to us than a one-time Presidential aspirant; and the effulgence of the *Lightning* is hardly transcended by the electrical display of a summer's night. In popular style the author of the present volume has shown us why these and other famous clippers came into existence, has recounted the major excitements of their heyday, and has lamented their passing. The record is now complete.

The most avaricious students of the titanic accomplishments of "three skysail-yarders" are those seamen who to-day roam blue water in little ships one-tenth their size; and without love of gold or fear of knuckle-dusters these modern yachtsmen race madly to Bermuda, Hawaii, and Europe, continuing the tradition of the old sail-carrying days. With Mr. Daniel they mourn the eclipse of the clippers. But not in the words he chooses: "But now the end has come, and sails have fallen from their former high estate. To-day discolored canvas urges a few ungraceful schooners up and down the coast. Snowy sails play at the work of driving a few effeminate yachts in gentle summer breezes. . . . Gone from the sea is that most beautiful of all the works of man—the clipper ship."

MARKETING: A FARMER'S PROBLEM. By *Benjamin F. Goldstein.* Macmillan. $3.50.
THE RESTAURANTS OF LONDON. By *Eileen Horton-Smith.* Knopf. $1.50.
THE PICTURE BOOK OF FLYING. By *Frank Dobias.* Macmillan. $2.
GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF RAILROADS. By *Walter M. W. Splawn.* Macmillan. $5.
STATE GOVERNMENT. By *Walter F. Dodd.* Century. $3.75.
READINGS IN PUBLIC OPINION. Edited by *W. Brooke Graves.* Appleton. $6.
WHITEHEAD'S DUPLICATE AUCTION BRIDGE. By *Wilbur C. Whitehead* and *Frank A. Cook.* Stokes. $2.
WAR HISTORY OF AMERICAN RAILROADS. By *Walker D. Hines.* Yale University Press.

Travel

THE COAST OF PLEASURE. By GRANT RICHARDS. Harper. 1928. $4.

To the end that the pedestal may not entirely overshadow the statue, we continue here and not above with the title-page: "Chapters Practical, Geographical and Anecdotal on the Social, Open-Air and Restaurant Life of the French Riviera, With a Few Notes on the Ways of Approach to That Resort of Worldlings. With a Frontispiece in Color and Other Illustrations by Tom Van Oss." The page is further embellished with a sketch of the author, quizzical, sophisticated, and monocled, and the Frontispiece in Color is an enchanting view of the Bay of Monaco. We feel in safe hands, and the succeeding chapters allow no grounds for altering the decision.

About half of Mr. Richard's book is given up to Monte Carlo (although the author believes that the glory has departed from it), but the leisurely approach thither is made through Marseilles, Hyères, Cannes, Antibes, and Nice, with much pleasant converse about the hotels, food, and facilities for acquiring an all-over tan. Quotations from Smollett, Baring-Gould, and "The World and William Clissold" are frequent, likewise the impish quirk of Mr. Van Oss's pencil (see especially the caricature of Hendrik Van Loon).

There is nothing snobbish or purse-proud about the book. When Mr. Richards says that one can live decently on the Riviera for ten shillings a day he proceeds to prove it, and he is just as ready to instruct you as to how to take a flutter with as many pounds. Our favorable predisposition towards the author was heightened by the discovery that he is a nephew of Grant Allen—a name which brings back pleasant memories of "Hilda Wade" and "Miss Cayley's Adventures" in the old *Strand Magazine*—and we fully intend to read "Caviare," Mr. Richards's novel about the Riviera, as he so frequently recommends us to do.

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES. By JAMES BOSWELL. Dutton. 1928. $3.

This is a new edition of a famous classic, with an introduction by T. Ratcliffe Barnett, fully illustrated with twelve drawings in pen and ink by W. H. Caffyn, and eight portraits in photogravure. The end-papers of the book are maps of the tour. The "Journal" appeared originally in 1785, nine months after Johnson's death. It ran through three editions during Boswell's lifetime. It was originally intended as the first part of the "Life" of Johnson. Johnson was sixty-four when he made the tour, and brave to attempt it. The glamour of the isles of mist that he and Boswell visited still remains to-day, testifies Mr. Ratcliffe Barnett, " the Hebridean world has been rediscovered in this generation, and every book which recalls the old life of this paradise of the Celt is explored from cover to cover by thousands who trek northwards. But among all the books which bring back the atmosphere of Scotland at the end of the eighteenth century, Boswell's *Journal* stands supreme."

THOSE ANCIENT LANDS. By *Louis Golding.* Knopf. $4.50.
EASTERN WINDOWS. By *Elizabeth Keith.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.
THE NEW WORLD. By *Isaiah Bowman.* World Book Company.
DIGHTON ROCK. By *Edmund Burke Delabarre.* Neale. $6.
OUTING LORE. By *Edwin Thomas Whiffen.* Neale. $2.
FOUND IN BAGDAD. By *Charles E. Shepard.* New York: Walter Neale, 37 East 28th St.
WHAT ENGINEERS DO. By *Walter D. Binger.* Norton.
SHADES OF OUR ANCESTORS. By *Alice Van Leer Carrick.* Little, Brown. $5 net.
THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN MUSIC. By *Daniel Gregory Mason.* Macmillan. $2.50.
THE NEW WAY TO NET PROFITS. By *Fred W. Shibley.* Harpers. $3.
MOTHERHOOD IN BONDAGE. By *Margaret Sanger.* Brentanos. $3.
THE CHURCH BOOK OF JOHN BUNYAN MEETING, 1650-1821. Dutton.
WEATHER. By *E. E. Free* and *Travis Hoke.* McBride. $3.
THE OXFORD RECITATIONS. Macmillan. $1.50.
HOW WOMEN CAN MAKE MONEY. By *Mae Savell Croy.* Funk & Wagnalls. $2 net.

(Continued on page 447)

Books with a Christmas Message

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by Walter Russell Bowie
Rector of Grace Church in the City of New York
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by Robert Norwood
Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York
"A series of intimate talks dealing with the difficulties and aspirations of thoughtful human beings. . . . They show the vision of a man whose life is dedicated to making Christianity a vital thing."
—*Boston Transcript.* $1.50

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—*Philadelphia Record.*
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Bishop of Central New York
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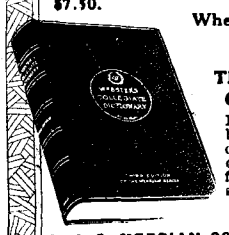
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COLLECTOR'S CHOICE. By JOHN T. WINTERICH. New York: Greenberg. 1928. $2.50.

THERE is about Mr. Winterich's writing a quality of moderation and balance that makes him, in a time of facile enthusiasms, when book-collecting seems verging on the commonplace, a distinguished figure in his particular field. "Collector's Choice" is an excellent example of his method; in an easy, at times rather too informal, manner he sets down his ideas on such subjects as condition, variant issues, and inclusiveness in collecting—all of them problems demanding the attention of intelligent collectors—and presents his solutions with a display of sanity that is most refreshing. His illustrations, covering the field of literature from the Gutenberg Bible to Ronald Firbank's "Prancing Nigger," are well-chosen and illuminating; in fact, he often gives information of the greatest value in so casual a form that the careless reader will fail utterly to discover its importance. It is, therefore, an exceptional pleasure to read his book, and even though disagreement on certain points is inevitable, no collector can go through his chapters without increasing perceptibly his knowledge of bibliography and book-collecting in general.

"The collector must not assume" (Mr. Winterich is discussing the importance of "points," or typographical errors, in their relation to the determining of variant issues) "that every misprint he detects is the mark of a point. Since the correction of any error, small or great, especially from a book printed from plates instead of type (and most books are now printed from plates) involves some expense and loss of time and a dozen little mechanical complications, not all publishers take the trouble to supply a pair of missing quotation marks or a letter that may have been skipped in the rush through the composing room. In the days of hand composition and printing direct from type such slips were likely to be of greater bibliographical significance." To those persons, of course, who in an excess of investigating zeal, find that their copy of any three-volume novel omits the chapter number on page 56 of volume 3, such comments are disagreeable; in that rarified sphere, there is no space for the conception that a printer or binder is, after all, primarily a human being, and therefore quite liable to make mistakes of all kinds. A dated publisher's catalogue, anything, is a point, and thus another issue of a first edition is brought into the world. It would, in most instances, be as sensible to insist that a book ordinarily considered as imperfect because certain signatures were repeated in binding, while others were omitted, was an earlier "issue" than its correctly assembled brothers.

In the light of a recent attempt to capitalize book-collecting by selecting certain contemporary authors who possess a definite "collecting" value, and issuing their latest books in limited editions under a heading: "Each of these is the recognized first edition . . . the accepted 'first' for both England and America," it is interesting again to quote from Mr. Winterich. "When, however, these limited editions come to be regarded by the publisher as the only genuine first editions—when, as has happened, the first issue of the ordinary trade edition is labeled 'Second Printing'—it is high time to call a halt. The logical goal of such enterprise is to issue a single copy of a book as the first edition—numbered, may we hazard a guess, 1?" America, unhappily, is filled with enterprise and the spirit of go-ahead—it is entirely possible that the single copy first edition may yet make its appearance in the world.

G. H. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Sotheby & Company, London.

December 3-6, inclusive. The Gosse Library, Part II. A further selection from the library of the late Sir Edmund Gosse. In this sale are largely presentation copies from contemporary men of letters, Matthew Arnold, the Earl of Balfour, Maurice Baring, Max Beerbohm (one of the most fascinating series imaginable with long, characteristic inscriptions)—the one in "Fifty Caricatures" is: "For Edmund Gosse—('always,' as Maurice Hewlett would say, 'benevolent to any intention') with the affectionate regards of Max, November, 1913"; Robert Bridges; Walter de la Mare; Austin Dobson; John Drinkwater; Emerson's "Selected Poems," with twelve lines of verse in his autograph; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Henry James (a far more important selection than the one in the first sale); J. J. Jusserand; Andrew Lang; George Moore (no collection will ever, probably, be as interesting); Walter Pater (his "Renaissance," 1873 is a presentation copy from Henry James); Coventry Patmore; Siegfried Sassoon; John Addington Symonds; Mrs. Humphry Ward; and Thomas J. Wise. A note in the catalogue announces the further sales, provisionally, as follows: Part III: The choicer portion of the English Literature (other than Plays)—shortly before Easter, 1929; Part IV: The well-known collection of English Plays—shortly after Easter, 1929.

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American Art Galleries

December 6. Fine Bindings; First Editions and Autographs, including material formerly in the possession of Joseph Jefferson and William Winter. A complete set of "The Rambler," 1749-1752; first issue of the first edition, bound up from the original numbers; a series of important letters, signed, of Thomas Moore; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," first edition, lacking the half-titles, apparently the first appearance of this work in twenty years in an American auction-room; the rare suppressed first edition of John Phillip Kemble's "Fugitive Pieces."

Doubleday, Doran have announced the publication of George Farquhar's "Beaux Stratagem" in an edition of 527 numbered copies, of which slightly less than half are for distribution in this country. The introduction has been written by Bonamy Dobrée, and the engravings done by J. E. Laboureur, "the most eminent of the engravers who have raised French book illustration to its present high level." The text used is that of the 1707 edition; and the price is $10. For some obscure reason, the letter of announcement from the publishers entirely omits the title of the play.

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The new Brick Row Book Shop at 42 East 50th Street is one of the most charming and delightful stores in New York. There is an atmosphere of quiet in the place, and as the recent books are on the ground floor, the reader, or investigator, in the security of the second-floor seclusion is not incessantly disturbed by opening doors, and demands for train-literature. Mr. Hackett is to be congratulated most sincerely.

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I am told, although not a fisherman myself, that there are two types of fishermen, those who catch fish when they go fishing, and those who do not. Again, there are two types of reward, those who fish with the seine net and those who fish with a fly. The first means satiety, and the latter means thrills.

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The rogue elephant returns to the herd . . .

Unattended by trumpet blasts, TRADER HORN has suddenly slipped away from his daughter's home in Kent, England, and headed once more for wildest Africa.

He goes first to Johannesburg to visit his editor and discoverer, Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis . . . Then he plans a round of visits to all his old convivials, including KING SOLOMON DENIZULU, Paramount Chief of the Zulus. He has a debt of gratitude to settle there, for it was KING DENIZULU'S favorite witch-doctor who saved his leg from amputation many years ago, after a river skirmish between the OSHEBA'S and the OKELLY'S...

Recently *The Inner Sanctum* donned the apostolic robes of the prophet and announced that Wall Street's pre-Christmas fury would break all records, and that the titans of finance would give away, as the ideal guide-book for their customers and junior executives, the two standard works by MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER: *The Common Sense of Money and Investments* and *Financial Advice to A Young Man.* As for the first prediction, attention is respectfully directed to the current quotations on Sears Roebuck and Bankers Trust Company. As for the second, The Inner Sanctum is now affectionately contemplating a non-cancellable order for 500 copies of the first RUKEYSER book, placed by a large financial house.

Except for a few paragraphs in *The Inner Sanctum*, not a word of advertising has yet appeared for *The Art of Thinking*, the new book by ABBE ERNEST DIMNET. *Yet the book is beginning to move*, especially in New York and Chicago. Thus far the only reviews have appeared in St. Louis and Hartford! . . . A personality like Abbe Dimnet's—and it radiates from every page of his wise and witty book—is more influential than a carload of coupons. [FOOTNOTE: the advertising begins this week, in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*]

The Inner Sanctum hereby serves notice to the literary critics of America that if no review of *Departure*, the new novel of the Orient by ROLAND DORGELES, is forthcoming within four days, an advertising campaign will be launched to TELL ALL.

That mysterious and seductive fleet of Hispano-Suizas parked in front of *The Inner Sanctum's* domain at 37 West 57th Street is simply delivering a new consignment of Corday perfume [literally] for the second printing of *The Technique of The Love Affair.*

ESSANDESS.

Prophets in Their Own Country

No. 2—OSKAR MARIA GRAF

Oskar Maria Graf was born in 1894, the son of a Bavarian baker. After working as elevator boy, miller, baker, and post-office assistant, he fought in the great war and was involved in the Eisner revolution of 1918. He became known for his stories of village life and in 1927 his frank autobiography, *Prisoners All*, brought him fame. Thomas Mann said of it: "For a long time I have not been so completely captured, astounded, and overwhelmed by any book as by this personal record. *Prisoners All* is published by Alfred A. Knopf. Price $4.00

Even in crime they were poets—

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by

Louis Forgione

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THE PHOENIX NEST

AWHILE back we spoke of the award made by *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* to *Vachel Lindsay* as an "annual award." It was $500—but it was *not* annual. It was a special gift from one of the magazine's best friends, and will not be repeated unless some other sufficiently interested and affluent lover of the art is inspired by this generous example. "Think," says the editor of *Poetry*, *Harriet Monroe*, "of the annual awards to painters and sculptors—the current exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago gives $6,650 annually, prizes from $2,500 to $100!". . . .

The New Playwrights Theater at 133 West Fourteenth Street, whose executive director is *Em Jo Basshe*, and upon whose board of directors are *John Dos Passos*, *Michael Gold*, and *John Howard Lawson*, will open their 1928-29 season on December first with presentation of *Upton Sinclair's* play, "Singing Jailbirds." Their second play, to be put on in February, will be "Airways, Inc." by *John Dos Passos*. A sustaining fund has been created to insure the permanence of the theater. It serves to conduct the En-Pi-Ti Shops at 133 West 14th (Phone Watkins 0588). These shops design and execute modern skyscraper bookshelves, machine-age furniture, bookends, bookplates, modernistic window displays, posters, screens, letterheads, bookcovers, and so on. Such artists contribute their services as *Hugo Gellert*, *Art Young*, *Glintenkamp*, *William Gropper*, *Remo Bufano*, and others. . . .

The Writers Club has opened its meetings for the winter at Keen's Chop House, on Forty-fourth Street. So far some of the speakers have been *John Farrar*, *Beverley Nichols*, *Frank Parker Stockbridge*, and others. Recently the President of the society, *J. George Frederick*, presented some interesting statistics indicating from New York income tax returns that a larger percentage of writers making returns earned over $63,000 a year than is the case in any other profession. . . .

We thank *Father Will Whalen* of Orrtanna for an entertaining letter and a Christmas card sent in advance of the season because he says, "Thought I'd git me greeting in to ye early and avoid the rush." . . .

The Catholic Book Club has selected "The Christmas Book" by *D. B. Wyndham Lewis* and *G. C. Heseltine* as their December volume to send to their subscribers. This is quite a delectable collection of poetry and prose subtitled "An Anthology for Moderns." . . .

Miss Spurgeon, Professor of English at the University of London, recently discovered in America one of the copies of the works of Shakespeare originally in the possesion of *John Keats*. The other is in the Keats Museum in Hampstead. Both the editions were marked by Keats and the most important of these markings are reproduced in "Keats's Shakespeare, A Descriptive Study based on New Material," by *Dr. Caroline F. E. Spurgeon*, published by the Oxford University Press in New York. Besides contributing a long study of the annotated Shakespeare plays, Miss Spurgeon furnishes a table of comparative passages in the plays and in "Endymion." The book reveals Keats's mind in action, shows what particularly struck him as he read, the phrases he loved. . . .

Bertrand Russell has said that "*Plato*, if he could return to this world, would make friends with *Dean Inge*; *Bacon* would be appointed editor of the Encyclopædia Britanica, but would be dismissed for inserting advertising matter under the guise of articles." . . . .

Al Woods has arranged for the dramatization of "Jerome or The Latitude of Love," a Viking Press book, by *Maurice Bedel*. *Arthur Richman* will do the adaptation and the production will probably be soon now. Duckworth is bringing "Jerome" out in England. We found "Jerome" most entertaining. . . . .

John Rothenstein's "The Artists of the 1890's," sent over from Routledge, is an excellent work on the men of that time by a son of the distinguished artist, *William Rothenstein*; and the Hogarth Essays, which have appeared separately in England from the press of *Leonard* and *Virginia Woolf*, now reappear in a selection of eleven from the original thirty or over (the second series still running in England) brought out by Doubleday, Doran. Some of the contributors are *Virginia Woolf* herself, *Logan Pearsall Smith*, *E. M. Forster*, *Rose Macaulay*, *Robert Graves*, and *T S. Eliot*. . . .

Lord, how the books abound! One we simply must read is this *Arnold Zweig*—not to be confused with *Stefan Zweig*, the adapter of "Volpone"—novel, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." *Eric Sutton* translated it from the German and it was selected, as we have noted ere this, by the Book-of-the-Month Club as their December choice. Here it is before us, very attractively bound and jacketed. Several members of the Viking Press have sung its praises in our ear. But we have just been finishing up *Aldous Huxley's* "Point Counterpoint," which was the Literary Guild book choice, and so we haven't got to the Sergeant yet. "Point Counterpoint" is as rich as a plum-cake, and Good Lord, how that man Huxley can *write*, how he draws away from the field. Of course the book plunged our naturally sunny disposition into a pit of despond. The people, for the most part, are so real and yet such monsters. They might not seem monsters to you; they did to us; and then, in another flash just precisely the kind of people you run across quite often, and a most various lot. Some of them say and do things that give us the pip, and yet how deeply and saturninely Huxley understands every real motive, how intuitively he follows circumstance. He is a terrible feline prowler in the dark of our deepest selves. . . .

Still, at that, we shouldn't advise anybody collapsing into permanent disillusionment with everything just because Huxley has been able to present variously thwarted and tortured people so vividly. His book also has mellowness, ripeness, flashes of what we can only think of as inspiration, certain triumphs of the sardonic, certain unforgettable scenes. Naturally, it is life through only one pair of eyes, and it is terrible in its integrity to the fact as he has divined it. He began as a poet. This is anything but a poet's book, to us. It runs on an entirely different level. But it appeals to the Mithridates in every intelligence. It forces one to "think through," a habit that is only infrequently ours. . . .

The following has come to our attention. It is a warning to young girls to really recuperate in their vacations. It was penned by a member of the business staff of this office for the benefit of a young lady assistant who returned from her leave of absence rather more exhausted by vacationing than by office-work:

Epitaph

Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this sod,
Here lies our Gittel, safe with God.
Had she been quieter last year
She would not lie so quiet here. . . .

Two new books of poems worth your attention are "Cawdor" by *Robinson Jeffers* (Horace Liveright) and "Collected Poems" by *Richard Aldington* (Covici, Friede). Then there is also "Winter Words," the posthumous volume by *Thomas Hardy*, published by Macmillan. These three books should be sufficient to one for the winter in the realm of poetry, unless one is particularly avid. They are three very different books and yet three books each consecrating the genuine flame. . . .

Oh, and a fourth is *John Gould Fletcher's* "The Black Rock." It should be read together with the Hardy, as the title-poem is dedicated to him, a poem to which we have before this called your attention. . . .

Aesop was not the only fabulist. *Manuel Komroff* has edited for Lincoln MacVeagh's (The Dial Press) Library of Living Classics the largest collection of fables ever published. This is a fine large volume that plucks flowers from all the ages, from Arabia in Biblical times down to Anatole France. *La Fontaine*, *Franklin*, *Kriloff*, *Tolstoy*, *Ambrose Bierce*, *Stevenson*, and *Oscar Wilde* are all represented, with many others. Much of the world's greatest wisdom is condensed in these allegorical stories. . . .

Well, well, well, guess we'll call it a day!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 443*)

HITCH AND COME IN. By WILLIAM HERSCHELL. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

This is homespun verse, "the spirit of old-time hospitality and friendship." Riley, and occasionally Eugene Field, are influences. There is some colloquialism. All of it is small calibre.

VAGABOND'S HOUSE. By DON BLANDING. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

The author, of Hawaii, is rather a better illustrator of his own work (his decorations are fairly good) than he is a writer, though he does convey the glamour of far islands in some of his verse, in a Robert W. Service manner, and his light rhymes, as in "Names Are Ships," are technically clever. He strums in a happy-go-lucky strain and purveys local color.

THE CONNECTICUT POETRY ANTHOLOGY. Compiled and edited by RALPH WALDO SNOW. New Haven: The Quinnipiack Press. 1928.

We do not care greatly about the gathering together of groups of poems according to whether or not their writers happen to hail from the same section of the country. It proves nothing. Alfred Bellinger, Anna Hempstead Branch, Amelia Josephine Burr, Leonard Cline, William Griffith, Amanda Benjamin Hall, Robert Hillyer, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Clinton Scollard, Odell Shepard, Wilbert Snow, Genevieve Taggard, Mark Van Doren, Winifred Wells, and Florence Wilkinson, qualify, among others, as Connecticut writers, and these are such poets as to make the anthology worth more than most. The poems most native to Connecticut are, perhaps, Miss Branch's "Connecticut Road Song," and Miss Taggard's "Dilemma of the Elm," both beautiful creations of different kinds. All poetry lovers who also love their native state, if that state be Connecticut—and a beautiful state it is—should possess themselves of this book,—to have fostered half a dozen of the writers in it is something of which any state has a right to be proud.

THE CANTERBURY TALES OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. With illustrations by W. RUSSELL FLINT. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1928. $10.

In London this book is published by Jonathan Cape and the Medici Society. It is a beautiful volume with full-page illustrations in color well reproduced. The text in the ancient spelling is clear and well cut on a page of wise margins. It is a new edition of Chaucer that will prove a beautiful ornament to any library, or drawing-room, for that matter.

STARDUST. Sonnets by WILLIAM ADAMS SLADE. Providence: Preston & Rounds Company. 1928.

These ten sonnets sprang from the reading of certain scientific books, which are listed at the end of the slight brochure, which has a short preface by the author. The ninth sonnet is the best where none are remarkable.

VELD VERSE. By KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE. Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.

The great majority of these verses were written before the author went up to Oxford in 1908. "The Veld was his public school." The first edition of "Veld Verse" was issued in 1909; the present edition is a revision. The verse is chiefly of interest for its local color and atmosphere. Occasionally it reminds of certain phases of the earlier Kipling, which is, perhaps, inevitable. A poem like "The Puff-Adder" is vivid, so is the hyena poem.

THE WHEEL IN MIDSUMMER. By JANET LEWIS. Lynn, Massachusetts: The Lone Gull, 36 Munroe Street. 1928.

This tiny book is by a poet whose poems here included, a large share of them, have been contributed to *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, *Broom*, *Voices*, *The Forge*, and *Manikin*. Her work is delicately beautiful, worth reading, worth preserving in its small crystals. It is slight but not entirely evanescent.

ARACHNE. By AMOS WILDER. Yale University Press. 1928. $2.

These poems are by a relative of Thornton Wilder. They are his second volume of verse. They bespeak cultivation, a love of the classics, a sense of beauty, and the attempt to follow a high tradition. But they are shadows of greater work that has gone before, shadows occasionally lovely and wistful in their gestures,—always dignified in their postures,—but shadows nevertheless.

THE GRUB STREET BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by HENRY HARRISON. Illustrated by JOHN FUNK. Henry Harrison, 19 Stuyvesant Street, New York. 1928. $2.25.

Here are 171 poems by 76 poets. The illustrations of the book are accomplished in design. Henry Harrison is a new poet and publisher who exhibits some taste in gathering together the best of the garret poetry of the day. Here are plenty of fragments with plenty of twinkling facets. Poems amorous, satirical, epigrammatic, didactic, experimental. None is truly distinguished, many seem like a throw-back to the days of the *Yellow Book*. They date. Solon R. Barber seems most to possess strong fibre, though his work is as yet in the experimental stage.

LOVE—AND AFTER. By MARGARET HAYNES. Harold Vinal. 1928. $1.50.

VOICE AND VISION. By JESSIE A. ROSS. The same.

ISLES OF PAISLEY. By JENNIE N. SMITH. The same.

MEDITERRANEA. By ALICE K. BROWER. The same.

SUNG AT DAWNING. By TOWNSEND MILLER. The same.

Miss Haynes's love verses are slight and distinguished by no remarkable phrase. Miss Ross is negligibly minor, Mrs. Smith hardly better. Miss Brower's verses concern a Mediterranean tour and open as follows:

At Sea
Paradise
(With apologies to Omar)
A deck, a steamer chair, a rolling sea,
A well-wrapped rug, the cold salt spray, and thee
To hold in converse when the mood is thine—
Ah, this, in sooth, is Paradise for me!

and that is characteristic and a fair quotation. Mr. Miller is just slightly better, as when he writes in a sonnet

It leaves the pain of beauty when it dies,
Lingering, like sunset in the day's tired eyes.

Which is about all we can gleam from these five thin volumes. We can hardly congratulate Mr. Vinal upon their publication.

RIVER'S GIFT. By MAHLON LEONARD FISHER. Williamsport, Pa.: The Clayton Spicer Press. 1928.

These lyrics are rather like pressed flowers in an old album. They are grave and sensitive and restrained, but they have not that perfection of workmanship that would enable them completely to please those who relish the traditional in verse quite as much as modern manners. Mr. Fisher occasionally approaches perfection:

I have not seen the red gold run
From any young girl's gilded hair;
But a tired eagle, drifted far,
Pause on the crest of Heaven, and there
Steady himself agenst a star

only to mar lines that might have been classically beautiful. As a minor point, why on earth should he have admitted here the crude phonetic spelling of *against* as *agenst*. Why was he not able to see that "red gold run from any young girl's gilded hair" is cheaply to gild what should be Landorian gold? The tired eagle steadying himself against a star is a strikingly poetic concept. It might well have been greatly put. He will also use expressions like "the dim Used-To-Be," "craving an olden leaven," "and Everness is wide," and so on. These are tenth-rate. There is deep feeling in "The House" and yet the particular words in which a profound thought is presented do not satisfy us. Finally, Mr. Fisher has much of the equipment of a true poet, his sonnets have already proved in years past that he could rise to certain heights, but we could wish that he considered his particular words and phrases more arduously and worked his material with a touch more disciplined to be precise.

SEA SHELLS. By BURDETTE K. MARVIN. Harold Vinal. 1928.

Some of this verse is very bad, some fair to middling. There is no quality of permanence about any of it.

CRY OF TIME. By *Hazel Hall*. Dutton. $2.50.

POETRY OF THE ORIENT. Edited by *Eunice Tietjens*. Knopf.

SELECTED POEMS FOR ARMISTICE DAY. By *C. B. McAllister*. New York: Dean. $2.

LUTE AND SCIMITAR. By *Achmed Abdullah*. Payson & Clarke.

FROM VICTORIAN DAYS. By *W. F. Smyth*. Cedar Rapids: Forch Press.

THE NEW AGE. By *Ivory Franklin Frisbee*. Meador Publishing Co., 27 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. $1.

A BRONCO PEGASUS. By *Charles F. Lummis*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

LOST CITY. By *Marion Strobel*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

PROPHET AND FOOL. By *Louis Golding*. Dutton. $2.

THE UPWARD PASS. By *Henry Bellamann*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

THE EARTH FOR SALE. By *Harold Monro*. Dial. $1.50.

GOOD MORNING, AMERICA. By *Carl Sandburg*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THE INFERNO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by *S. Fowler Wright*. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

MORE PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS. Collected by *Frank Shay*. Macaulay. $2.50.

Travel

IN THE LINCOLN COUNTRY: Journeys to the Lincoln Shrines of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Other States. By REXFORD NEWCOMB. Lippincott. 1928. $3.50.

This is literally a monumental book. Turning its pages is not unlike a stroll through a well-furnished graveyard, so profuse are the photographs of tombstones, monuments, tablets, and statues. There are in all forty-three illustrations and sketches and eight maps, and these last are supplemented by the very full motoring directions in the text, written usually, and necessarily so, in the style of the most popular American blue book. The author has personally visited every spot he describes, and his care and thoroughness have raised the book above the status of a mere guidebook and nearer to the biography which he disclaims any intention of writing.

As this is one of the first books about Lincoln to appear since the touchstone for all Lincoln biographies was published this fall, it has seemed worth while to check one of Mr. Newcomb's statements with the corresponding account in Beveridge's "Lincoln." Mr. Newcomb discredits the story that Lincoln did not put in an appearance on the date first set for his marriage to Mary Todd, and lays the onus on Herndon for putting it on record. He does not mention that it was Mary Todd's sister, Mrs. Edwards, who first gave the story to Herndon and to Jesse Weik as well.

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RIALTO THEATRE
118 Hudson Street
HOBOKEN
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at 8:30
MILLIKEN
GRIBBLE
THROCKMORTON
HOBOKEN 8088

Week of December 3RD—OLD HEIDELBERG
Second and Final Week of that Gaudeamus Igitur Classic of Sentiment and Schmerz, that well-loved idol with feet of Bertha M. Clay, of which C. E. Montague wrote: "3 Hours' Revel: We lie and wallow in it." :: :: :: :: ::

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A great and stirring novel by a new author has just been published. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen it as its December book. Continental critics have placed it on a plane with the greatest modern novels.

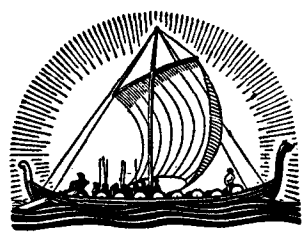
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

By ARNOLD ZWEIG

A man's life is at stake. No chance for telephone communication—the snowfall has snapped the wires. Minutes grow to hours and still no word. Men and women wait breathlessly for a message of reprieve. Others, fearing the worst, attempt to release the condemned by guile or by force.

Why all this frenzy over one humble common soldier when thousands of his kind were marching to death each day? What was this pitiless force that thrust Grischa up from the crowd to the brilliantly lighted stage of a vast drama of intrigue, ambition and love?

Arnold Zweig has taken the simple story of one bewildered, lovable man and made of it an epic of all men. Lion Feuchtwanger calls it "the first great novel yet written anywhere about the war." Arthur Schnitzler says, "Of all the novels of recent years there is none that affected me so profoundly or that continues to produce so profound an after-effect." "A great book . . . above all, living."—Dorothy Canfield. Hendrik Van Loon considers it "the finest book I have read in many and many a moon." Translated from the German by Eric Sutton.



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